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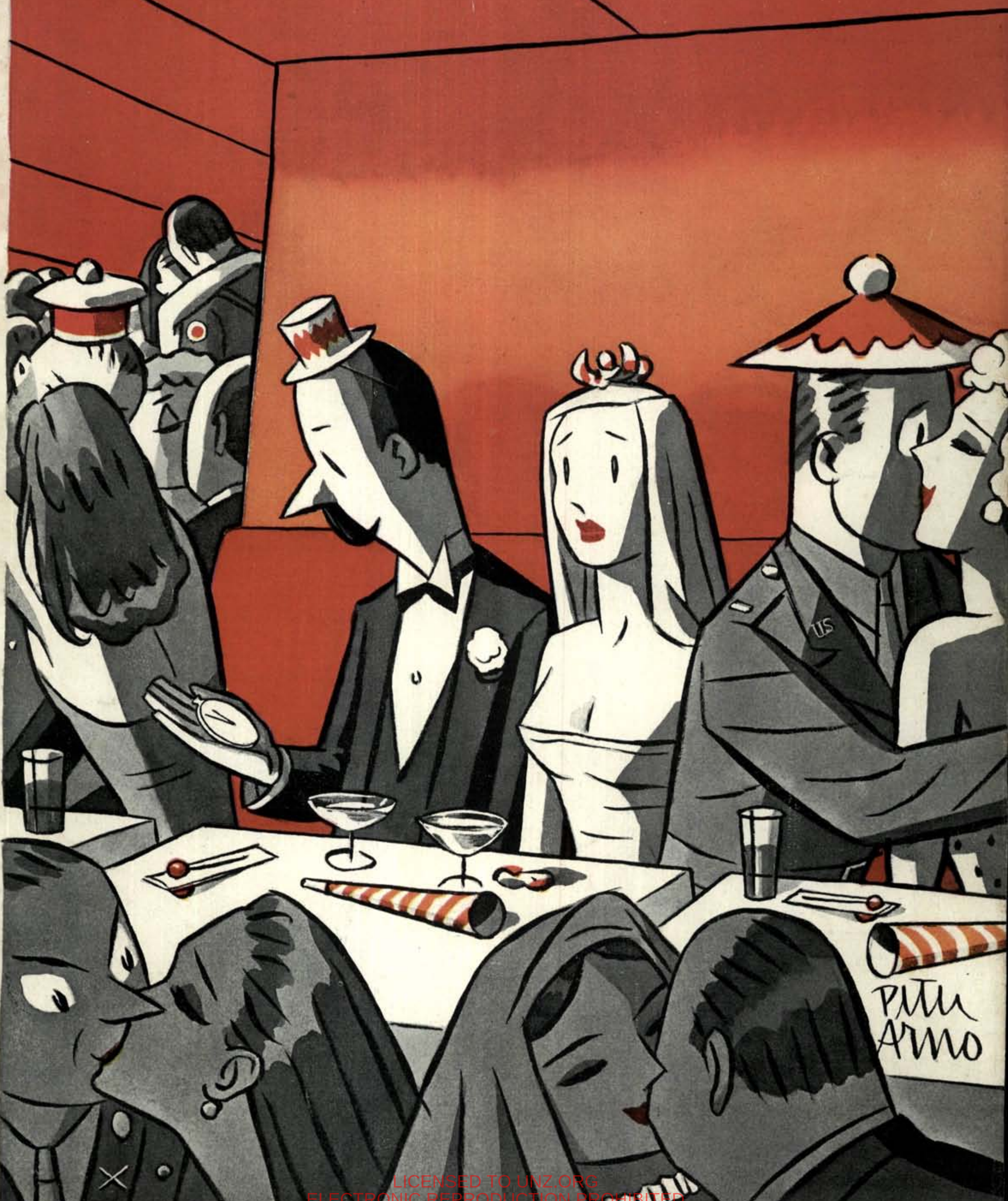
THE NEW YORKER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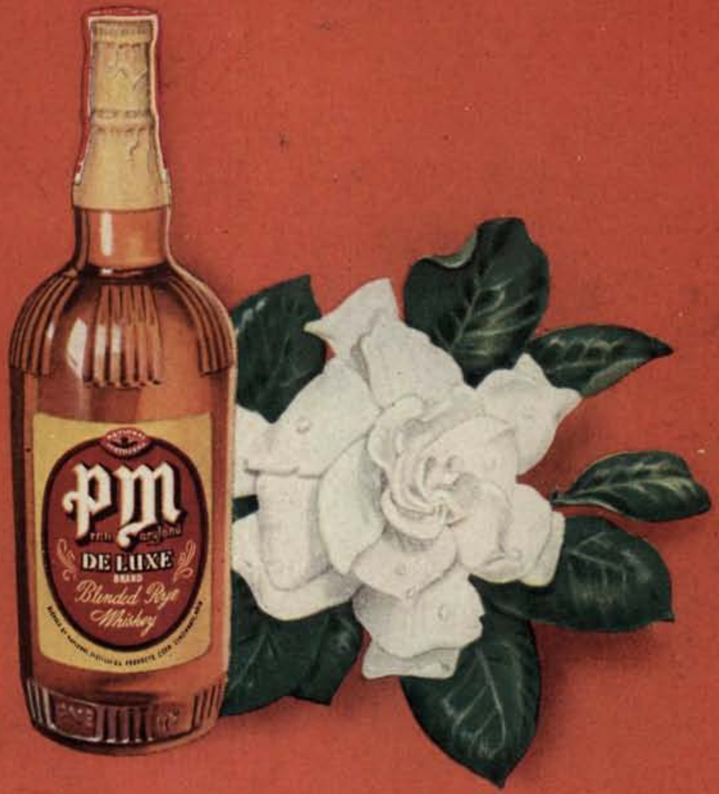

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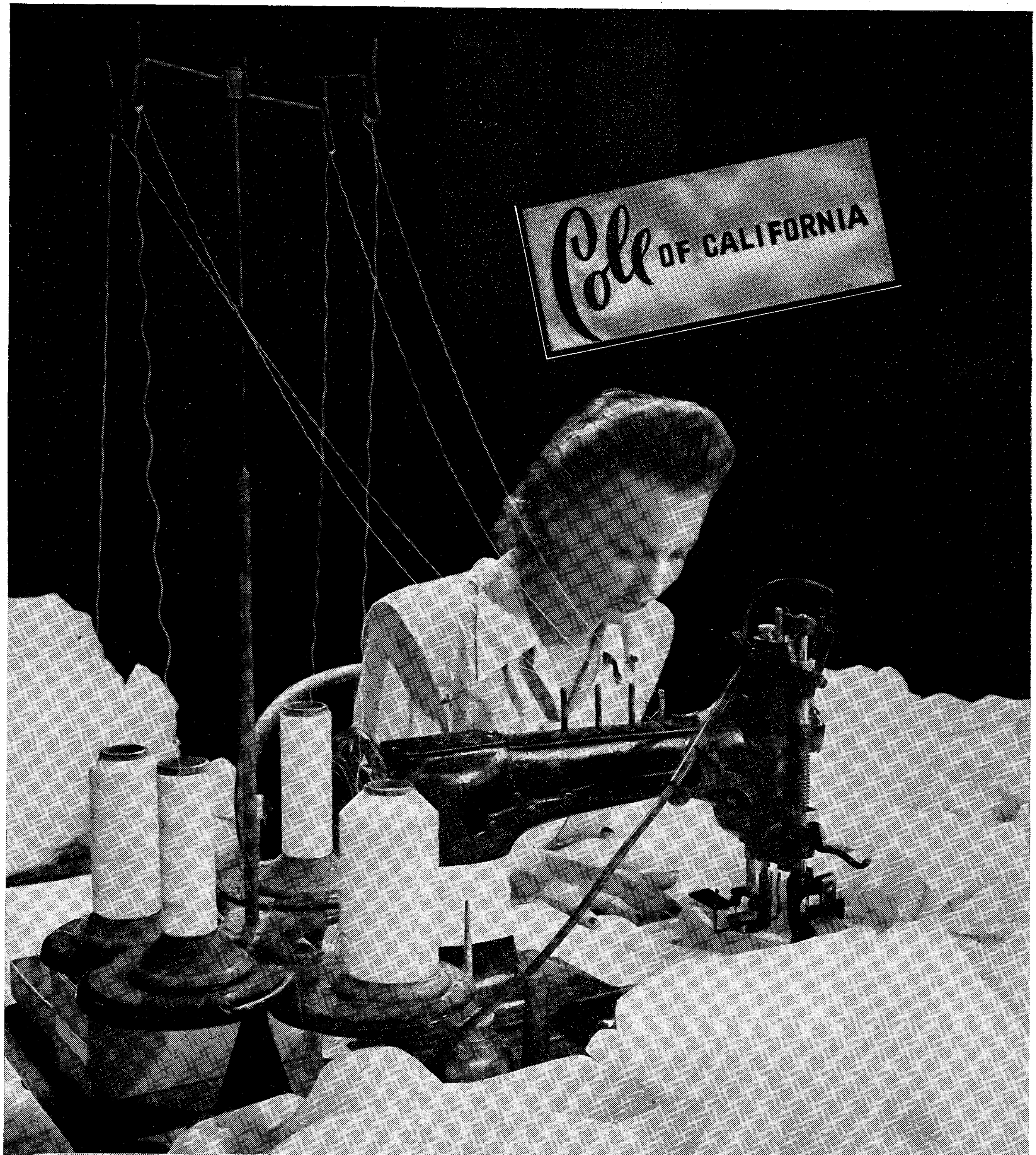

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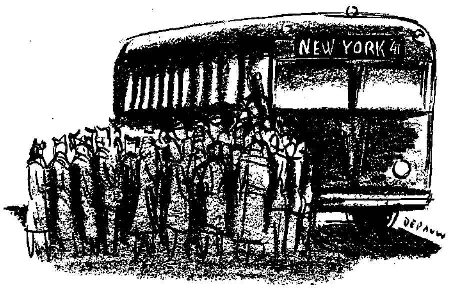

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 30, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 8.

THE THEATRE

(This week, as indicated below, there will be some juggling of schedules because of New Year's. There may be further changes at the last minute, so, to be on the safe side, you'd do well to check with the newspapers. . . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—Very nice Victorian thriller by the author of "Rope's End." Judith Evelyn and Leo G. Carroll are those principally involved. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Another Love Story—Not quite like the epigrams that Oscar used to make. Roland Young, Margaret Lindsay, and Arthur Margetson are among the people in Frederick Lonsdale's insanely complicated comedy. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., Jan. 8.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. Now in its third year, this Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Effie Shannon and Josephine Hull, is still one of the funniest things in town. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Doughgirls—Three sporty girls are turned loose in wartime Washington and nearly wreck it. The cast, directed by George S. Kaufman, includes Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, Doris Nolan, and Arlene Francis. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harriet—Helen Hayes splendid as the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," who, unfortunately, doesn't seem to have been a very interesting woman. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun. and Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:40.)

Janie—Linda Watkins in a piece about adolescent and military life in the suburbs that may easily appeal to suburban adolescents. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. New Year's Day and Sun. at 3, and Sat., Jan. 8, at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Dec. 30, at 2:40.)

Kiss and Tell—A frail little comedy about a girl who pretends she's going to have a baby. Largely redeemed by George Abbott's direction and a fine cast headed by Jessie Royce Landis and Robert Keith. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Dec. 30, at 2:40.)

Life With Father—This agreeable comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is in its fifth year. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Listen, Professor!—A very slight but affectionately produced comedy about how a little Russian girl rejuvenates her crusty old grandfather. Peggy Phillips did the adaptation from Afinogenov's original. Dudley Digges is the professor. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Lovers and Friends—High-toned British triangle play about the vintage of the Stanley Steamer. Katharine Cornell is as fascinating as ever, and Raymond Massey, Henry Daniell, and Carol Goodner are in the supporting cast. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Othello—Shakespeare's tragedy made plausible and tremendously effective by the casting of a Negro as the Moor. Paul Robeson is given fine support, especially by José Ferrer as Iago, and Margaret Webster's direction is superb. Produced by the Theatre Guild. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Outrageous Fortune—Elsie Ferguson, back after fourteen years, in Rose Franken's rather tangled drama about homosexuality and racial intolerance. With Maria Ouspenskaya, Margalo Gillmore, and Fredric Tozere. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Three is a Family—Practically all the girls have babies in this farce. With Ruth Weston, Robert Burton, and William Wadsworth. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Tomorrow the World—A sober if not always credible attempt to deal with the problem of reëducating the children of Nazi Germany. Skippy Homeier is excellent in his rôle of a young Fascist, and Ralph Bellamy and Shirley Booth are very helpful as his American hosts. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Two Mrs. Carrolls—This melodrama is mainly a vehicle for Elisabeth Bergner, who knows her business. Playing opposite her, when he gets a chance, is Victor Jory. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

The Voice of the Turtle—A light, expert job by John van Druten about a girl who puts a sergeant up on his weekend pass. The cast consists of Margaret Sullavan, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Winged Victory—Moss Hart's pageant about the Air Corps is enormous and beautiful but the dramatic narrative is pretty elementary. There are more than two hundred servicemen in the cast, plus several women civilians. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:15; special Mat. Thurs., Dec. 30, at 2:15.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Doctors Disagree—A play by Rose Franken, with Barbara O'Neil, Philip Ober, and Dolly Haas. Staged by Miss Franken and produced by William Brown Meloney. (Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

South Pacific—Canada Lee in a play by Howard Rigsby and Dorothy Heyward. Staged by Lee Strasberg and produced by David Lowe. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Carmen Jones—A stunning and hilarious version of Bizet's opera with an all-Negro cast. Oscar Hammerstein II has followed "Oklahoma!" with another *tour de force*. Produced by Billy Rose. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

A Connecticut Yankee—A revival proving perhaps that things aren't always as exciting as we remember them. Reasonably good entertainment, though, and Vivienne Segal and Vera-Ellen are both very fine. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

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Early to Bed—Richard Kollmar in a comedy concerned dimly with bull-fighting and Martinique, but the whole thing needn't bother you one way or the other. The cast includes Muriel Angelus, Mary Small, and Bob Howard. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

The Merry Widow—A big, good-looking revival, with Jan Kiepura and Marta Eggerth in the leading rôles and Melville Cooper doing most of the clowning. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs" by Oscar Hammerstein II and Richard Rodgers that may well be the pleasantest entertainment in town. The cast includes Betty Garde, Joan Roberts, Celeste Holm, Alfred Drake, and Joseph Buloff. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

One Touch of Venus—Mary Martin as a statue who comes to life to the amazement of Kenny Baker, John Boles, Paula Laurence, and many others. Agnes de Mille has contributed some wonderful ballets. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Rosalinda—A colorful adaptation of Strauss's light opera "Die Fledermaus," with a cast made up of members of the New Opera Company. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Something for the Boys—Ethel Merman singing Cole Porter songs in a comedy that is about Army life as much as anything else. A good-natured show, also containing Betty Bruce. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35. Closes Sat., Jan. 8.)

What's Up—Jimmy Savo very briefly visible, along with a lot of nice children, in a musical comedy about some aviators who come down at a girls' school. Simple-minded, but often pleasant enough. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. at 2:30 and Sun. at 2:45.)

Ziegfeld Follies—Not the "Follies" as the Master used to turn them out, but still big and occasionally funny. Milton Berle is in charge of a large cast. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:35. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:35.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Ramshackle Inn—Zasu Pitts and Harlan Briggs in a play by George Batson. Staged by Arthur Sircom and produced by Robert Reud. Opens Mon., Jan. 3. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Over Twenty-One—A comedy by Ruth Gordon, with Miss Gordon, Harvey Stephens, and Philip Loeb. Staged by George S. Kaufman and produced by Max Gordon. Opens Mon., Jan. 3. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

A Lady Comes Home—Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes in a melodrama by Ethel Borden and Jacques Thery. Produced by George W. Brandt. Opens Tues., Jan. 4. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. the first week and Wed. and Sat. thereafter, at 2:40.)

Storm Operation—A play by Maxwell Anderson, with Myron McCormick, Gertrude Musgrove, and Bramwell Fletcher. Produced by the Playwrights' Company. Opens Wed., Jan. 5. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

Larry Adler and Paul Draper—Appearing in a joint recital: Fri. through Sun. Eves., Dec. 31-Jan. 2, at 8:40, and Sun. Aft., Jan. 2, at 2:40. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989.)

Ice Show—"Stars on Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sat. Eves., except New Year's Eve, at 8:40 and Sun. Eve. at 8:15; New Year's Eve at 8:30 and 11:50. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3; special Mat. Thurs., Dec. 30, at 2:40.)

CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT

The Children's Theatre—"Bobino": Thurs. through Sat., Dec. 30-Jan. 1, at 3 P.M. (New School, 66 W. 12. For tickets, call GR 7-8464.)

Suzari Marionettes—"Peter and the Wolf" and

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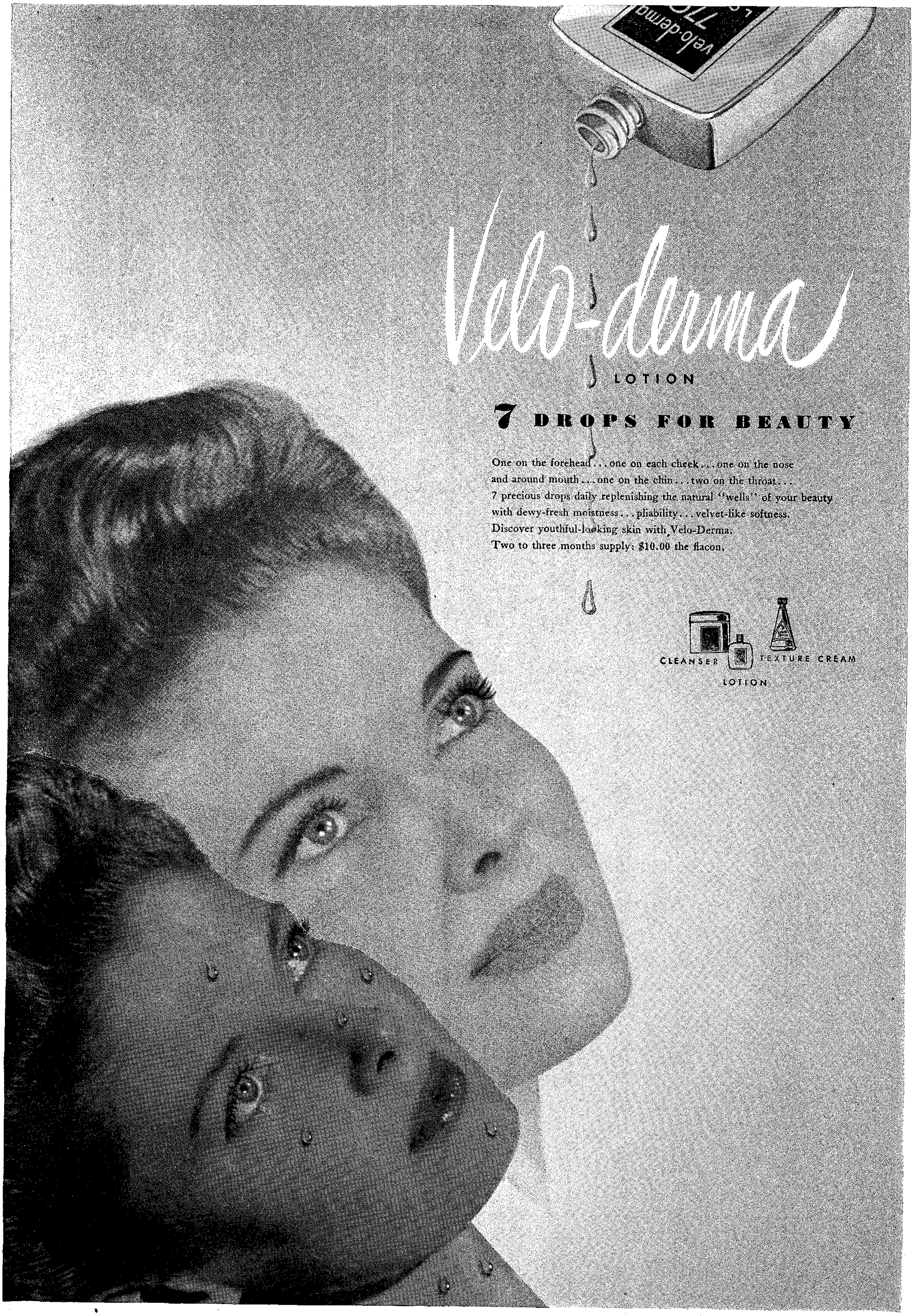

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 30, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 8.

"Rumplestiltskin": Thurs., Dec. 30; "Nobody's Boy": Fri., Dec. 31; "Pinocchio": Sat., Jan. 1; at 11:15 A.M. and 1:15 and 3:15 P.M. (World Theatre, 153 W. 49. CI 7-5747.)

Stage Children's Guild—Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird": Thurs. and Fri., Dec. 30-31; "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs": Sat., Jan. 8; at 2:30 P.M. (Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104. LE 4-3545.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—A holiday-season playroom for children, with sketching facilities and games, as well as a special exhibit of modern painting, will be open Mon. through Fri. from 10 A.M. to 12 noon and 2 to 5:30 P.M., and Sun. and New Year's Day from 2 to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 30. (On Mon. and Fri. Afts. the playroom is reserved for members and their children.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—The Trianon Room is quiet and spacious. Jules Lande's orchestra plays for dancing.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—An ice revue and Ray Heatherton's orchestra are in the Bowman Room.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Mostly jazz, with Hazel Scott, John Sebastian, Kenneth Spencer, and Teddy Wilson's orchestra.

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—A pleasant, be-muralled place, with music by Eddie Heywood's orchestra and a show including Pearl Primus, Josh White, and Mary Lou Williams.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—An enormous room with beautiful girls and palm trees. Also, Jimmy Durante, Mary Raye and Naldi, Joel Herron's orchestra, and Frank Marti's samba band. . . . The new Copa Bar has entertainment by the Kris Kay Trio.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—The show here is not supplied by the management. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Agreeable and leisurely music by Eddie Davis's and Michael Lo Scalzo's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Twice as big as before, with the addition of a new room and bar. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band play for dancing.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The show in the Cotillion Room includes a dance team and Stanley Melba's orchestra. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde will be in the Persian Room until Mon., Jan. 3, when John Hoysradt takes over. Bob Grant's orchestra will stay on.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison at 46 (PL 3-4600)—A small Continental orchestra plays, discreetly of course, in the Oval Room during the dinner hour.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Iridium Room has an ice show at the supper hour and Freddy Miller's orchestra all evening. . . . Bob Simone's and Evan Jones' orchestras play for dancing in the Maisonette.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Joseph Marvin's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band are in the Café Lounge. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A place you may have heard about. Noro Morales' rumba band and Peyson Ré's orchestra. Charles Baum's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Xavier Cugat's orchestra plays in the Wedgwood Room, and at the supper hour there is also a small show. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): a baroque sort of place, with Mme. Claude Alphand and others. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Maxine Sullivan and a supporting cast. . . . **LA VIE PARISIENNE**, 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): not much connection with the life Parisian, but there's Sheila Barrett and a small show. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns' piano music, as well as plenty of elbow room. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): soft lights, Gypsy music, and a view of the Park.

Miscellaneous—At the **VERSAILLES**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a good-looking room with a show containing good-looking girls and Dwight Fiske; Val Olman's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): a small one with charm; Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): one of the tiniest dance floors yet; George Morris's orchestra and songs by Anne Francine. . . . **CASBAH**, 112 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-2236): not as rough as its namesake, but much handsomer; with Danny Yates' orchestra and a small show. . . . **CASABLANCA**, 161 E. 54 (EL 5-9592): stripes and plenty of noise; Ralph Font's orchestra. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Cornelius Codolban's orchestra and Russian entertainment. . . . **COMMODORE**, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Enric Madriguera's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Abe Lyman's orchestra. . . . **LINCOLN**, 8 Ave. at 44 (CI 6-4500): Count Basie's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Sonny Dunham's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Charlie Spivak's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): lots of Latin atmosphere in a fairly small space. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a low-ceilinged cellar spot, with Richard Dyer-Bennett singing folk songs.

●

Mostly for Music—At **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. at 10 (CH 2-6683): the home of authentic jazz, with Miff Mole's orchestra, featuring Pee Wee Russell and Eddie Condon. . . . **THREE DEUCES**, 72 W. 52 (EL 5-7742): just a bar, some tables, and two small but classy swing ensembles headed by Art Tatum, pianist, and Ben Webster, saxophonist. . . . **KELLY'S STABLE**, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): the geniuses being featured right now are Coleman Hawkins and Clark Monroe's band.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries will be closed on New Year's Day.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern P'kw'y—A large exhibition of early work by Arthur B. Davies, John Sloan, Everett Shinn, and other members of "The Eight." Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. and New Year's Day, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 16.

Franz Bueb—*Water colors reminiscent of Dufy:* Carstairs, 11 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Dec. 31.

David Burliuk—Russian and American scenes, along with portraits of Lenin and Tolstoi: A.C.A., 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 8.

Educational Alliance, 197 E. Broadway, at Jefferson—An anniversary show of work by former students of the school, including Chaim Gross, Saul Berman, Peter Blume, Jacob Epstein, and many others. Sun. through Thurs., 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., including New Year's Day, 7:30 P.M. to 10 P.M.; through March 15.

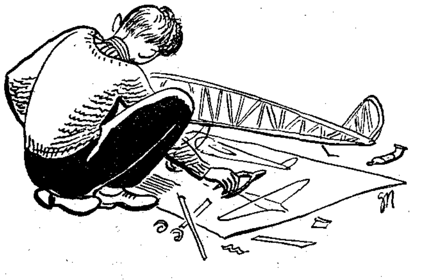
Louis Eilshemius—Paintings done in 1909, an important year in the artist's development: Valentine, 55 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Dec. 31.

French—At the **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64: paintings, sculptures, prints and miscellaneous documents, all bearing on the French Revolution. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Dec. 31. . . . **BIGNOU**, 32 E. 57: sixteen paintings by Dufy, Derain, Rouault, and others of the Paris school. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Dec. 31.

Maxwell Gordon—Oils, a few water colors, and prints, by a Cleveland artist: Pinacotheca, 20 W. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 10.

Gordon Grant—Water colors of Gloucester: Grand Central, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Dec. 31.

Groups—At the **PERLS**, 32 E. 58: pictures by contemporary Mexican, French, and American artists. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Dec. 31. . . . **WEYHE**, *794 Lexington, at 61: another show* of Mexican, French, and American art, this one including sculpture as well as painting. Daily 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Dec. 31. . . . **ARTISTS'**, 43 W. 55: small sculptures and pictures by Leo Amino, Maurice Golubov, Hans Boehler, and other contemporary artists. Daily 1 to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Dec. 31. . . . **WILLARD**, 32 E. 57: a review of the gallery's exhibitions during the last seven years. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Dec. 31. . . . **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57: small paintings by such American artists as Whistler, Homer, and Ryder. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Dec. 31. . . . **FERARGIL**, 63 E. 57: thirty-two paintings by as many artists, ranging from A. B. Davies to Eugene Berman. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Dec. 31.



Edward Hopper—Recent water colors of Mexican subjects: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Dec. 31.

Israel Litwak—Hunting scenes, the African jungle, *and Rockefeller Center, by a modern primitive:* New Art Circle, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 8.

John Marin—More about Maine: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. and New Year's Day, 3 to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 9.

Fletcher Martin—Paintings and drawings of the North African campaign in the artist's first exhibition here in three years: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 15.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—Selections from the collection of medieval and Renaissance art given to the Museum by the late George Blumenthal; also, a small group of fourteenth- and fifteenth-century Italian paintings from the Maitland F. Griggs collection. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. and New Year's Day, 1 to 5 P.M.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—A large exhibition of romantic American painting (through Feb. 6); also, battle drawings made on the spot by members of the Marine Corps (through Jan. 9); and a retrospective showing of work by Alexander Calder (through Jan. 16). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun. and New Year's Day, 1 to 7 P.M.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A loan exhibition of water colors, constructions, oils, and other work by such artists as Werner Drewes, Jean Xceron, and Warner Phelps. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. and New Year's Day, 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 8.

Paris—A loan exhibition of Parisian scenes by Daumier, Dufy, Gromaire, Renoir, and others: Coördinating Council of French Relief Societies, 457 Madison, at 51. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 8.

Picasso—At the **MATISSE**, 41 E. 57: paintings, drawings, and gouaches from 1905 to 1937. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Dec. 31. . . . **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57: seven large oils, from 1921 to 1937. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Dec. 31.

Nathaniel Pousette-Dart—Nearly two hundred very small paintings and a few drawings: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Dec. 31.

Fernando Puma—Recent oils, mostly of the circus and the sea: Puma, 108 W. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 22.

Sculpture—Small figures done in the gallery's studio by servicemen: Clay Club, 4 W. 8. Daily 2 to 5 P.M. and 7 to 10 P.M.; through Fri., Dec. 31.

Walter Stuempfig—Considerably romanticized American scenes: Durlacher, 11 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Dec. 31.

Surrealist—Work by Max Ernst, Yves Tanguy, Matta, and other surrealists, compared with paintings by the insane: Art of This Century, 30 W. 57. Daily 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Dec. 31.

Maurice Utrillo—Twelve paintings, ranging from his early work to 1940: Niveau, 63 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Dec. 31.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—The annual show of contemporary American paintings, sculptures, water colors, and drawings. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Tues., Jan. 4.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall and the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

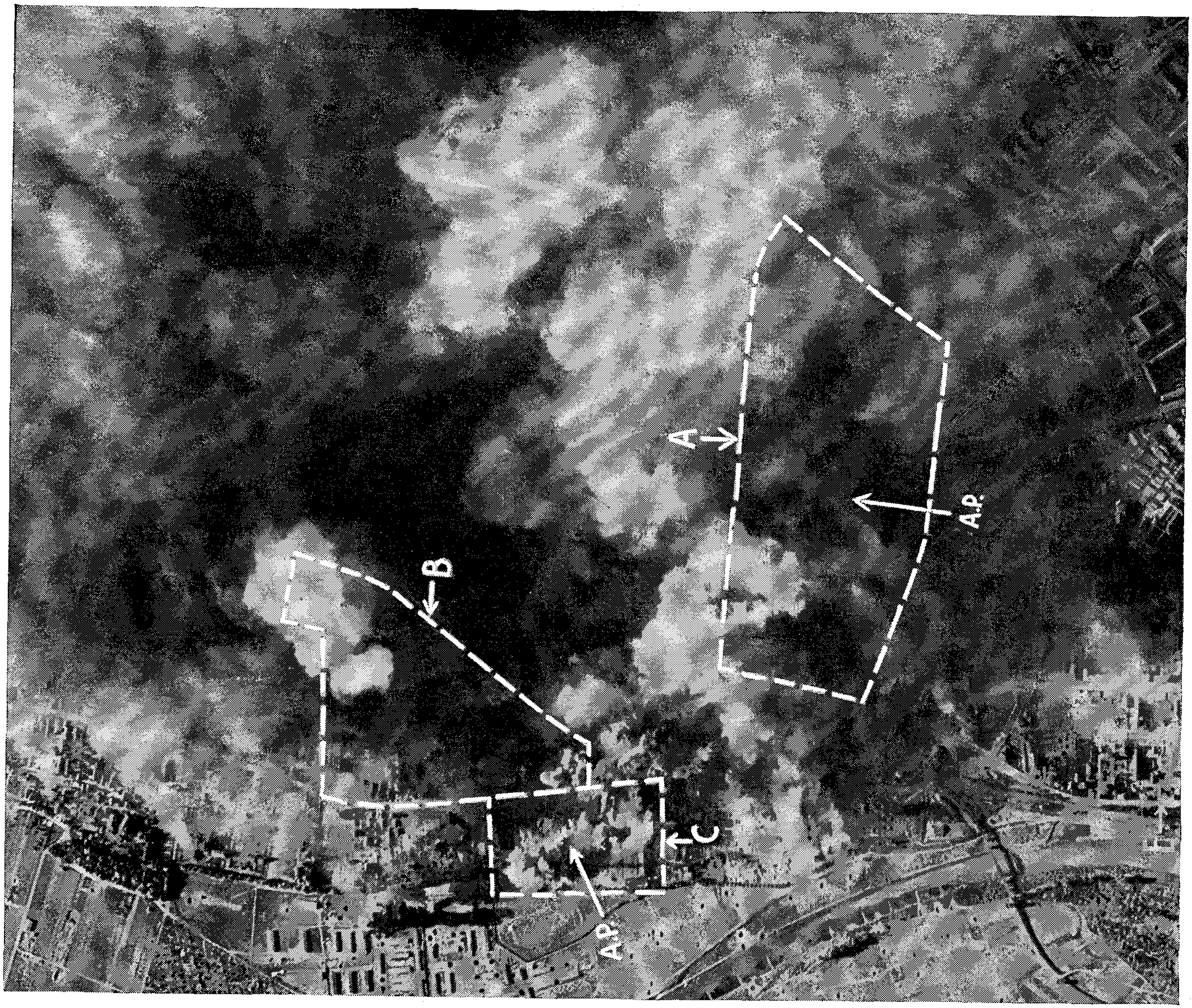
Philharmonic-Symphony—Carnegie Hall—Artur Rodzinski conducting: Thurs., Dec. 30, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Dec. 31, at 2:30 P.M.; Sat., Jan. 1, at 8:45 P.M.; Sun., Jan. 2, at 3 P.M.; Wed., Jan. 5, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Jan. 7, at 2:30 P.M.; and Sat., Jan. 8, at 8:45 P.M. (Soloists: Robert Casadesus, piano, Dec. 30, 31, and Jan. 2; Ruth Posselt, violin, Jan. 5 and 7; Hortense Monath, piano, Jan. 8.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting: soloist, Helen Traubel, soprano. Tues., Jan. 4, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Boston Symphony—Serge Koussevitzky conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs., Jan. 6, at 8:45 P.M., and Sat., Jan. 8, at 2:30 P.M. (Soloist, Mischa Elman, violin.) . . . Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-6700), Fri., Jan. 7, at 8:30 P.M.

New York Little Symphony—Joseph Barone conducting. Fri., Jan. 7, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Chamber Music Hall.)

Jazz Concert—The second of a series of concerts under the direction of the guitarist Eddie Condon, this one featuring Miff Mole, trombone; Max Kaminsky and Billy Butterfield, trumpet; and



Official U. S. Army Air Forces photograph of the second Schweinfurt raid. Dotted rules and letters indicate heavily bombed target areas.

Schweinfurt Story

Both sides knew it was a major engagement — that second bombing mission against Schweinfurt. It was a battle between large armies, for a crucial objective. The Nazis massed 60% of their total fighter strength in a vain effort to prevent the Boeing Flying Fortresses from getting through.

In a period of a few hours the Forts invaded German-held Europe to a depth of 500 miles, sacked and crippled one of her most vital industries. They did it in daylight and they did it with precision.

They moved in on a city of 50,000 people and destroyed the part of it that contributed to the enemy's ability to wage war. When that part of it was a heap of twisted girders and pulverized machinery, they handed it back, completely useless, to the Germans.

• • •

This is the task for which the Boeing Flying Fortress was designed: *precision destruction by daylight, in areas where the going is toughest.*

It is not an easy task. The Germans tried it in the Battle of Britain, and gave it up as too costly when 185 of their own planes were shot down in a single day.

The Fortress is engineered to perform superbly at altitudes of more than 7½ miles; it bristles with effective firepower; and it can absorb such punishment, and still keep flying, that the Germans have even devised special rocket-gun fighters in the vain attempt to drive it from their skies.

Fortresses are lost, of course . . . sometimes many of them on a single mission. But a recent check shows that over a 12-month period, an average of more than 95% of them have returned from each attack. Their stout-hearted and superbly trained crews have never yet been turned back from their objectives by enemy opposition!

• • •

To produce a plane like the Fortress requires unusual qualities of research, design, engineering and manufacture. You can expect these same qualities in the peacetime tomorrow, knowing that any product "Built by Boeing" is bound to be good.

DESIGNERS OF THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE NEW B-29 SUPER BOMBER • THE STRATOLINER • TRANSOCEAN CLIPPERS **BOEING**

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 30, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 8.

Joe Bushkin, piano. Sat., Jan. 8, at 5:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Metropolitan Opera—“Les Contes d’Hoffmann,” Thurs. Aft., Dec. 30. . . . “The Magic Flute,” Thurs. Eve., Dec. 30. . . . “Il Barbiere di Siviglia,” Fri. Eve., Dec. 31. . . . “La Traviata,” Sat. Aft., Jan. 1. . . . “Boris Godunoff,” Sat. Eve., Jan. 1. . . . “Mignon,” Mon. Eve., Jan. 3. . . . “Gianni Schicchi” and “Salome,” Thurs. Eve., Jan. 6. . . . “Tristan und Isolde,” Fri. Eve., Jan. 7 (a Smith College benefit; for tickets, call WI 2-0372). . . . “Lucia di Lammermoor,” Sat. Aft., Jan. 8. . . . “Faust,” Sat. Eve., Jan. 8. (Curtain times vary and are not fixed until a day or so before the performance; it’s best to make a last-minute call to the box office, PE 6-1210.)

New Friends of Music—The Budapest Quartet. Sun., Jan. 2, at 5:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Marian Anderson—Contralto. Mon., Jan. 3, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Bach Circle of New York—Yella Pessl, harpsichord; the Coolidge String Quartet; and others. Mon., Jan. 3, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Wanda Landowska—Harpsichord and piano. Wed., Jan. 5, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Emile Baume—Piano. Fri., Jan. 7, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

SPORTS

Basketball—Madison Square Garden—St. John’s vs. Kentucky, and L.I.U. vs. De Paul, Thurs., Dec. 30; L.I.U. vs. Duke, and N.Y.U. vs. Colgate, Sat., Jan. 1; C.C.N.Y. vs. St. John’s, and N.Y.U. vs. Penn State, Wed., Jan. 5; St. John’s vs. Rhode Island, and N.Y.U. vs. Connecticut, Sat., Jan. 8. Games start at 8:15 P.M.

Boxing—Madison Square Garden—Beau Jack vs. Lulu Costantino, lightweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Jan. 7. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout at 10 P.M.

Hockey—Madison Square Garden—Professional games: Rangers vs. Toronto, Fri., Dec. 31; Rangers vs. Boston, Sun., Jan. 2; Rangers vs. Detroit, Thurs., Jan. 6; at 8:30 P.M. . . . Amateur series games: Sun., Jan. 2, at 1:30 and 3:30 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

Wartime Exhibitions—At the **CHRYSLER BLDG.**, 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection, assembled by the Army, of combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, and small arms, including a bazooka. Weekdays, including New Year’s Day, 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . **MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY**, R.C.A. Bldg.: an Army Air Forces show, with a P-39, a P-47, a P-40, and parts of other fighter planes. Weekdays, including New Year’s Day, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Feb. 29. . . . **METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, 5 Ave. at 82: “The Soviet Artist in the War,” an exhibition of original war posters and of photographs showing cultural activities in present-day Russia, Thurs. and Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. and New Year’s Day, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sun., Jan. 2.

Photography—At the **PHOTOGRAPHY CENTER OF THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 9 W. 54: photographs taken in Mexico during the last twenty years, mostly *by American photographers*. Weekdays, except New Year’s Day, 1 to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 13. . . . **AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY**, Central Pk. W. at 77: the annual show of the Pictorial Photographers of America. Thurs. and Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. and New Year’s Day, 2 to 6 P.M.; through Sun., Jan. 2. . . . **NORLYST**, 59 W. 56: recent experimental photographs by Man Ray, George Platt Lynes, and others. Weekdays, except New Year’s Day, 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 15.

Poultry Show—An exhibit of about twenty-five thousand prize fowl, along with displays of equipment for professional and amateur poultry raisers: Madison Square Garden. Thurs. through Sat., Dec. 30-Jan. 1, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sun., Jan. 2, 10 A.M. to 9 P.M.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36—Fashions of the French court, shown in a display of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century prints. Weekdays, except New Year’s Day, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 29.

Americana—At the **METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, 5 Ave. at 82: a loan exhibition showing the influence of classic Greek culture on the architecture, furniture, and decorative arts of the United States during the early nineteenth century, with a completely furnished drawing room of the period. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. and New Year’s Day, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 29. . . . **MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK**, 5 Ave. at 104: “Fun and Folly in New York,” an exhibit of life-size figures in tableaux ranging from a fancy dress ball of the Nineties to a Greenwich Village speakeasy. Tues. through Sat., including New Year’s Day, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through March 15.

Toys—An exhibition of dolls, hobby horses, mechanical banks, and other toys of the last century: New York Historical Society, 170 Central Pk. W., at 76. Tues. through Sun., except New Year’s Day, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Wed., Jan. 5.

Planetarium—“Stars of a Winter Night” will be the title of the January lecture and demonstration at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81. Mon. through Fri., at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. at 11 A.M. and 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; Sun. and New Year’s Day at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.

On the Air—Philharmonic-Symphony, Artur Rodzinski conducting, Sun., Jan. 2, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., Jan. 1 and 8, at 8:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Leopold Stokowski conducting, Sun., Jan. 2, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . Cleveland Symphony, Erich Leinsdorf conducting, Sun., Jan. 2, at 9 P.M., WOR. . . . New Friends of Music, Sun., Jan. 2, at 5:30 P.M., WQXR. . . . Metropolitan Opera: “La Traviata,” with Licia Albanese and Jan Peerce, Sat., Jan. 1; “Lucia di Lammermoor,” with Lily Pons and James Melton, Sat., Jan. 8; at 2 P.M., WJZ. . . . Football games, Sat., Jan. 1: Orange Bowl, Louisiana State vs. Texas A. and M., at 1 P.M., WABC; Cotton Bowl, Texas vs. Randolph Field, at 2 P.M., WOR; Sugar Bowl, Georgia Tech vs. Tulsa, at 3:30 P.M., WABC; East-West game, at 4:30 P.M., WOR; Rose Bowl, University of Washington vs. So. California, at 4:45 P.M., WEAF. . . . Boxing: Beau Jack vs. Lulu Costantino, Fri., Jan. 7, at 10 P.M., WOR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Raymond Clapper, Thurs., Dec. 30, at 10 P.M., WOR. . . . Samuel Grafton, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . John Gunther, Fri. and Sat. at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . Leon Henderson, Sat. at 6:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Ed Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:30 P.M., WABC. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 7 P.M., WABC. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ.

NEWS VIA SHORT WAVE: Mon. through Sat. at 6:45 P.M. and Sun. at 2:30 P.M., WABC. . . . Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M. and Sun. at 11:15 P.M., WEAF. . . . Mon. through Fri. at 6:30 P.M., WMCA.

Auctions—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—French eighteenth-century porcelains, furniture, and art objects owned by the late J. P. Morgan: Thurs. through Sat., Jan. 6-8, at 2 P.M.

MOTION PICTURES

The Cross of Lorraine—About French prisoners in a German camp. It’s a good picture until toward the end when it falls apart. Jean Pierre Aumont, Gene Kelly, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke are in the cast. (77th Street, B’way at 77; through Wed., Jan. 5.)

For Whom the Bell Tolls—A handsome adaptation, notable for its fast pace, its Technicolor, and some fine bits of acting, though politically shaky. Gary Cooper, Ingrid Bergman, Katina Paxinou, and Akim Tamiroff. (Rivoli, B’way at 49.)

A Guy Named Joe—Contains some fantasy that gets a little out of hand, but pretty intelligent otherwise. Spencer Tracy as a bomber pilot and Irene Dunne as his girl in the Ferry Command. (Capitol, B’way at 51.)

Holy Matrimony—Arnold Bennett’s “Buried Alive,’ in this new version, turns out to be an ideal showcase for the talents of Gracie Fields and Monty Woolley. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Fri. through Mon., Dec. 31-Jan. 3.)

Madame Curie—A good screen biography, with Greer Garson in the title rôle and Walter Pidgeon as her husband. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

The North Star—A great picture by Lillian Hellman about the Russians at peace and at war. With Anne Baxter, Walter Huston, Ann Harding, and Erich von Stroheim. (Victoria, B’way at 46; and Palace, B’way at 47; through Wed., Jan. 5.)

Sahara—Excitement in the North African campaign, with Humphrey Bogart, Rex Ingram, J. Carrol Naish, and no women. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew’s 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Olympia, B’way at 107; and Loew’s 175th Street, B’way at 175; through Mon., Jan. 3. . . . State, B’way at 45; and Loew’s 83rd Street, B’way at 83; through Wed., Jan. 5.)

This Is the Army—A fine soldier show transferred to the screen with Hollywood additions, many of them successful. George Murphy, Joan Leslie, and Charles Butterworth are some of the civilians in the cast. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Sat., Jan. 1. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Fri. through Mon., Dec. 31-Jan. 3. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Sat. through Mon., Jan. 1-3. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Tues. through Fri., Jan. 4-7. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; tentative, Tues. through Fri., Jan. 4-7.)

Watch on the Rhine—An excellent treatment of Lillian Hellman’s play, with Paul Lukas and others from the Broadway cast and Bette Davis to boot. (Thalia, B’way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Dec. 31-Jan. 3.)

REVIVALS

Un Carnet de Bal (1938)—A widow traces the careers of her early loves. Marie Bell, Harry Baur, and Raimu. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Sat. through Tues., Jan. 1-4.)

Crime Without Passion (1934)—The Hecht-MacArthur film of night life and murder, with Claude Rains. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

Foreign Correspondent (1940)—A Hitchcock war melodrama. Joel McCrea, Laraine Day, and Robert Benchley. (Park, at Columbus Circle; through Fri., Dec. 31.)

The Ghost Goes West (1935)—Robert Donat in a René Clair film about a Scottish castle moved to America. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; tentative, Tues. through Sat., Jan. 4-8.)

Holiday Inn (1942)—An Irving Berlin score sung by Bing Crosby and danced to by Fred Astaire. (Park, at Columbus Circle; through Fri., Dec. 31.)

In Old Chicago (1938)—Mrs. O’Leary and her cow, as well as Alice Faye and Tyrone Power. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Dec. 30.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Hitchcock mystery on a European express. Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Paul Lukas. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Jan. 4-6.)

Life Begins at 8:30 (1942)—Monty Woolley as a hard-drinking actor, and Ida Lupino as his daughter. (Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., Jan. 5-6.)

Love Crazy (1941)—Myrna Loy and William Powell, marriage and madness. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. and Wed., Jan. 4-5.)

A Midsummer Night’s Dream (1935)—Shakespeare. James Cagney, Dick Powell, Joe E. Brown, and Mickey Rooney. (Manhattan, B’way at 51.)

Night Train (1940)—Carol Reed’s first big thriller of spies, the Gestapo, and all. Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Jan. 4-6.)

The Ox-Bow Incident (1943)—A lynching in the West, with Henry Fonda and Dana Andrews. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. through Thurs., Jan. 4-6.)

Primrose Path (1940)—Victoria Lincoln’s “February Hill.” Ginger Rogers, Marjorie Rambeau, and Joel McCrea. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., Jan. 2-3.)

Saludos Amigos (1943)—The Walt Disney film about South America. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Fri. through Mon., Dec. 31-Jan. 3.)

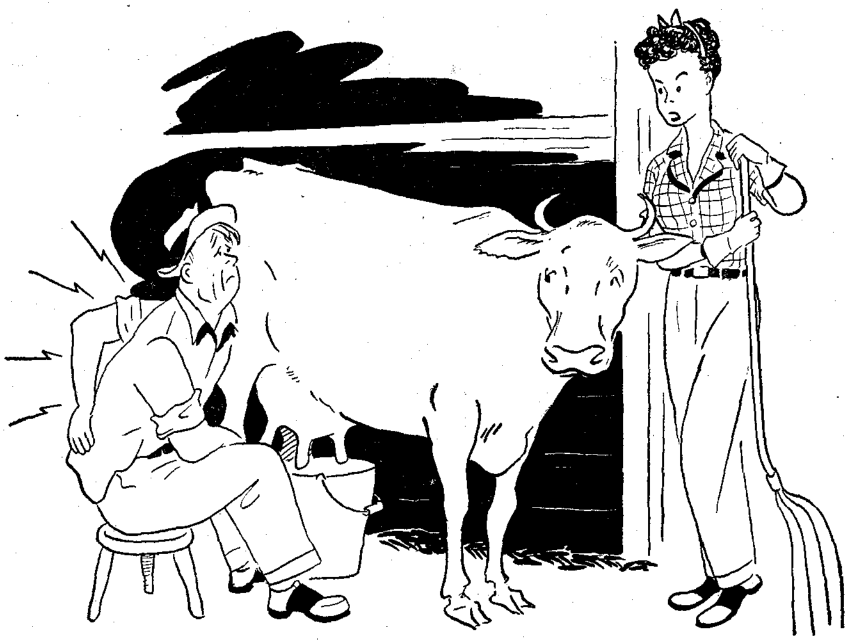
The Scarlet Pimpernel (1935)—Leslie Howard and Merle Oberon in the French Revolution. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; tentative, Tues. through Sat., Jan. 4-8.)

The Scoundrel (1935)—Noel Coward and Julie Haydon in the Hecht-MacArthur miracle play. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

To Be or Not To Be (1942)—Ernst Lubitsch, with the help of Carole Lombard and Jack Benny, takes the Gestapo apart. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Fri., Dec. 31.)

Vivacious Lady (1938)—Ginger Rogers as a night-club singer and James Stewart as a professor. (Art, 36 E. 8; Sun. and Mon., Jan. 2-3.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old motion pictures weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. and New Year’s Day at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M., on the following schedule—



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Yes, Mrs. Orcutt, cows readily attune to the modern tempo. Run a milking machine at double speed and they'll give just as much milk! But hand milking takes a different muscle from the one Professor O. used in his history courses. Give him time—and remember *he'll* pick up ideas from FARM JOURNAL, too. We wish we could print enough FARM JOURNALS to help everyone. The paper shortage holds us close to 2,700,000 copies a month, mostly consigned to prepaid rural subscribers.

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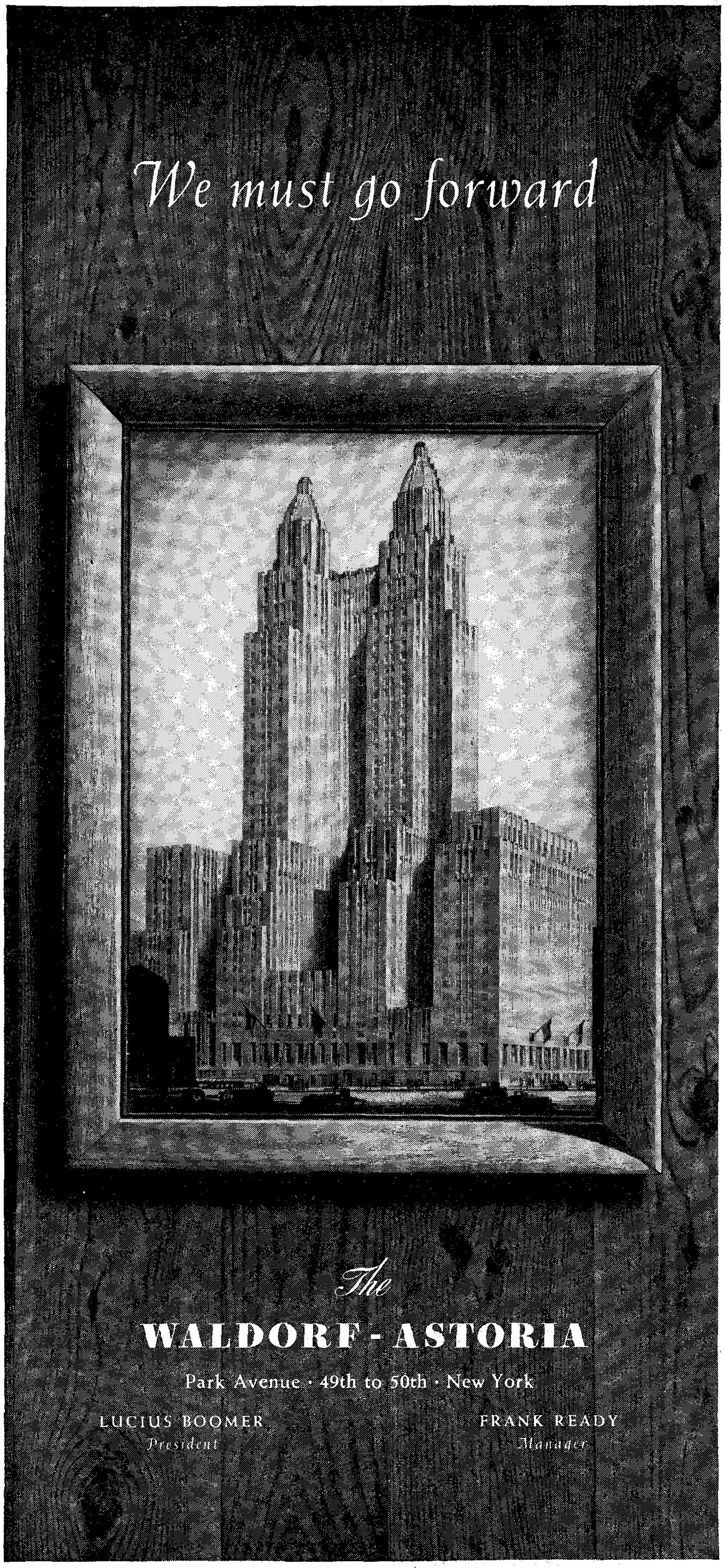

We must go forward

The
WALDORF-ASTORIA
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LUCIUS BOOMER, *President*
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THURS., DEC. 30: "The Wind" (1928), with Lillian Gish. **FRI AND SAT., DEC. 31-JAN. 1:** "The Last Command" (1928), with Emil Jannings and Evelyn Brent. **SUN. AND MON., JAN 2-3:** "Hallelujah" (1929), directed by King Vidor. **TUES. AND WED., JAN. 4-5:** "Anna Christie" (1930), with Greta Garbo and Marie Dressler. **THURS. AND FRI., JAN. 6-7:** "Outward Bound" (1930), with Leslie Howard and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. **FROM SAT., JAN. 8:** "Mädchen in Uniform" (1931), German film, with Dorothea Wieck.

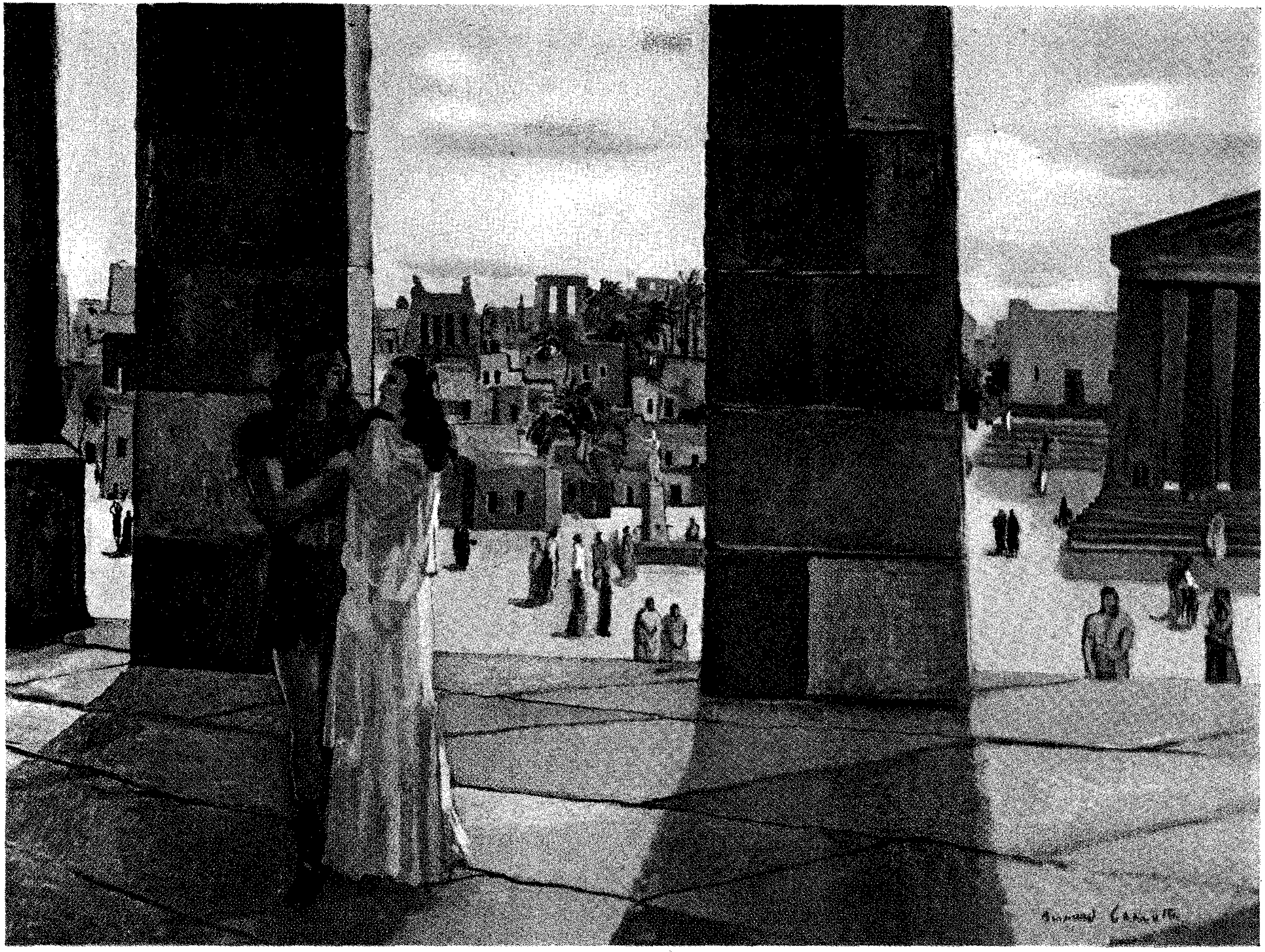
CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

VOLUNTEER WORK—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Four organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the **CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE**, 707 Fifth Ave., at 55th (PL 5-7300): women to work two or three mornings a week in the Anti-Aircraft Artillery Command, plotting the courses of planes spotted by observers in this vicinity; men and women who, after taking a short training course, can work on a regular schedule for the Office of Price Administration, advising merchants and consumers on new regulations and investigating violations. . . . **RED CROSS**, 315 Lexington, at 38th (MU 4-4455): women to take a sixty-hour course in nutrition and then work on a regular schedule as dietitians' aides in hospitals; expert women drivers to take a sixty-hour course in mechanics, first aid, and other subjects, and then work three days a week, or two evenings a week and every other weekend, for the Motor Corps, driving ambulances, mobile canteens, etc. . . . **AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES**, 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487): women to take a four-week, part-time course in child care and then put in at least twelve hours a week in day nurseries and play centres; men and women to take a brief training course and then work at least two hours a week, during the day, fingerprinting civilians for war jobs and identification. . . . **UNITED HOSPITAL FUND**, 370 Lexington, at 41st (CA 5-7150): men to take a training course and then put in about six hours a week as aides in hospital wards; women to take a six-week training course and then serve at least six hours a week, during the day, as librarians in hospitals.

SALVAGE—Wastepaper of all kinds, scrap metal, and rags are all urgently needed. The New York City Salvage Division, Empire State Bldg., Fifth Ave. at 34th (MU 3-9669), will give you the address of a collection depot near your home. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives. Your butcher will give you two meat-ration stamps for every pound you turn in to him. . . . Tin cans, which are needed more than ever, should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for guidance to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS, LOANS, ETC.—The Army needs dogs weighing fifty pounds or more and from one to five years old to train for sentry, scout, or messenger duty. Owners wishing to donate such animals should get in touch with Dogs for Defense, 22 E. 60th (PL 9-6470), to see whether theirs meet the Army's fairly stringent requirements. . . . Donors who wish to contribute blood to the Red Cross to send to field and base hospitals should call MU 5-6400 for an appointment. . . . Russia is badly in need of watches for its Army, as the factories which used to make them have been destroyed. If you have any to contribute, send them to the Ambijan Committee for Emergency Aid to the Soviet Union, 285 Madison, at 40th (MU 3-1948). . . . The Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36th (MU 3-5366, Ext. 7), will arrange to call for and distribute any furniture, radios, records, or books that you may care to contribute for use in the recreational rooms of Army posts and Navy bases. . . . The Navy wants to borrow Zeiss or Bausch & Lomb binoculars, and the Jockey Club, 250 Park, at 46th (EL 5-6146), is serving as a collection centre for them. If you have some you are willing to lend, call the club to see whether they meet the specifications. . . . Broken and worn-out phonograph records are being collected by Records for Our Fighting Men, Inc., which will sell them for scrap and buy new records to send to service camps both here and abroad. If you have any to contribute, call LE 2-0886.



TEMPLE OF THE GODS

"Samson and Delilah," by Saint-Saens, interpreted for the Capehart Collection by Bernard Lamotte. Delilah is singing her great aria, "Song of Spring." Portfolios of reproductions of paintings in the Capehart Collection may be secured at nominal charge from your Capehart dealer, or from the Capehart Division, Fort Wayne 1, Ind.

Man's mood changes with the day. His spirit, yesterday alive and joyous, is today clouded by uncertainty and turmoil.

Music, in man's darkening hour, is a spiritual haven. For the exultant chorale, opera and symphony — like great soaring temples — inspire the soul with truths that are eternal. The horizon grows bright. A new hope is born!

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If your Capehart dealer does not have any of these superlative instruments, he can still serve you in many ways — for Capehart dealers are headquarters for the finest in music from records to grand pianos. For example — he has excellent recordings of arias from the opera "Samson and Delilah"—sung by Bruna Castagna (Columbia Nos. 71058-D and 71390-D), by Gladys Swarthout (Victor No. 14143), and "Bacchanale" conducted by Stokowski (Victor No. 6823).

Capehart Division, Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation, Fort Wayne 1, Ind.

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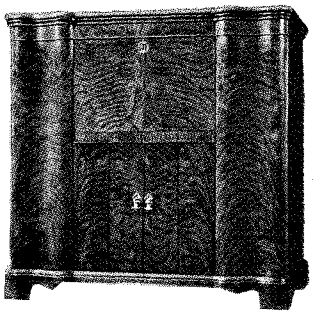

The Capehart (George II) with the time-proved record changer that turns the records over, and FM reception. Control stations may also be placed throughout your home and the grounds.

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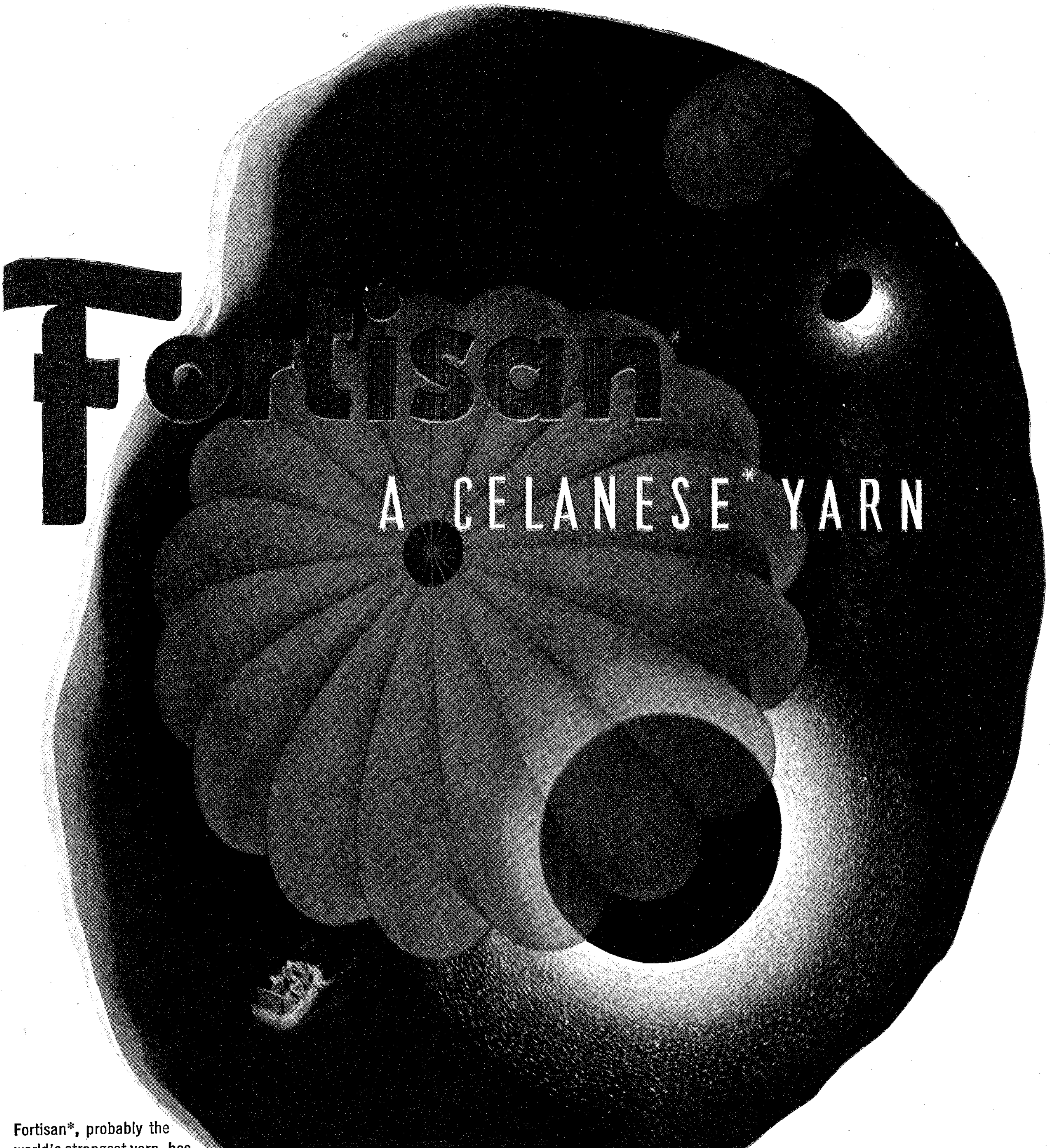
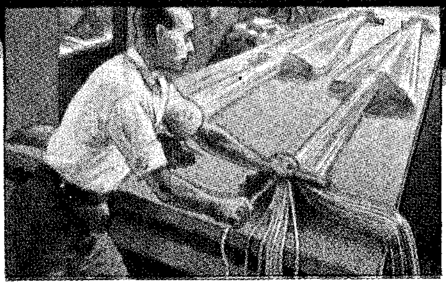




Fortisan*, probably the world's strongest yarn, has not had any civilian life as yet. It emerged from the Celanese laboratories at the time the armed services needed parachute cloth and shrouds for their ingenious flares.

In the textile field, invention and development did not wait until the country was at war. Many years before that time, Celanese became the leading force in the chemical revolution in textiles, which produced new and better fabrics—and reduced the nation's dependence on foreign raw materials. Today, military and essential civilian needs borrow many Celanese* yarns, fibres and fabrics from their peacetime fields of wearing apparel and home furnishings to fill important war jobs. . . . To those concerned with war applications, involving textiles, Celanese* offers technical consultation service. . . . Celanese Corporation of America, 180 Madison Avenue, New York City 16.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"Why shouldn't I buy it? I've got the money!"

Sure you've got the money. So have lots of us. And yesterday it was all ours, to spend as we darn well pleased. But not today. Today it isn't ours alone.

"What do you mean, it isn't mine?"

It isn't yours to spend as you like. None of us can spend as we like today. Not if we want prices to stay down. There just aren't as many things to buy as there are dollars to spend. If we all start scrambling to buy everything in sight, prices can kite to hell-'n'-gone.

"You think I can really keep prices down?"

If you don't, who will? Uncle Sam can't do it alone. Every time you refuse to buy something you don't need, every time you refuse to pay more than the ceiling price, every time you shun a black market, you're helping to keep prices down.

"But I thought the government put a ceiling on prices."

You're right, a price ceiling for your protection. And it's up to you to pay no more than the ceiling price. If you do, you're party to a black market deal. And black markets not only boost prices—they cause shortages.

"Doesn't rationing take care of shortages?"

Your ration coupons will—if you use them wisely. Don't spend them unless you have to. Your ration book merely sets a limit on your purchases. Every coupon you don't use today means that much more for you—and everybody else—to share tomorrow.

"Then what do you want me to do with my money?"

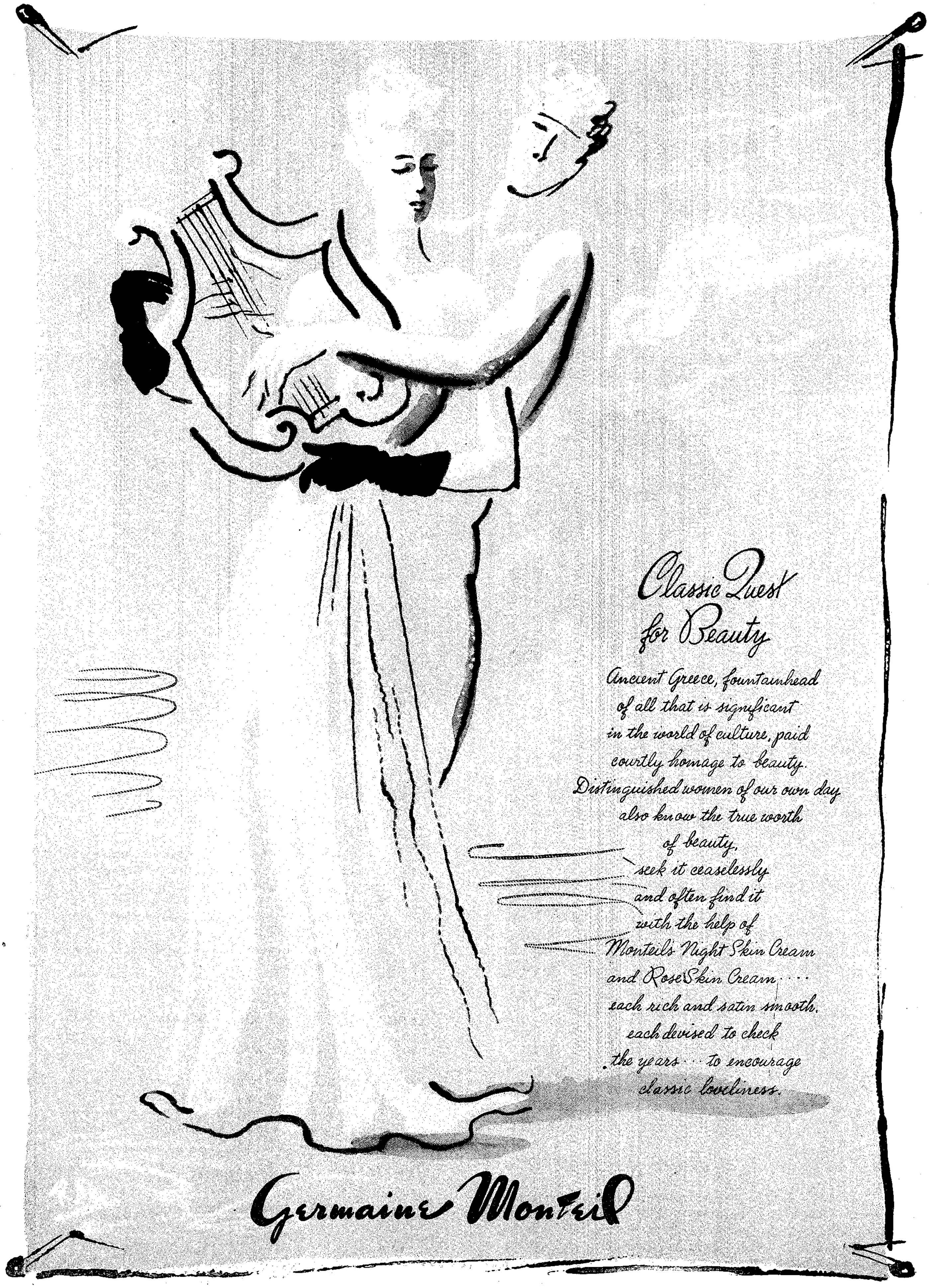
Save it! Put it in the bank! Put it in life insurance! Pay off old debts and don't make new ones. Buy and hold War Bonds. Then your money can't force prices up. But it can speed the winning of the war. It can build a prosperous nation for you, your children, and our soldiers, who deserve a stable America to come home to. Keep your dollars out of circulation and they'll keep prices down. The government is helping—with taxes.

"Now wait! How do taxes help keep prices down?"

We've got to pay for this war sooner or later. It's easier and cheaper to pay as we go. And it's better to pay more taxes NOW—while we've got the extra money to do it. Every dollar put into taxes means a dollar less to boost prices. So . . .

Use it up . . . Wear it out . . .
Make it do . . . Or do without

HELP US KEEP PRICES DOWN



Classic Quest for Beauty

Ancient Greece, fountainhead of all that is significant in the world of culture, paid courtly homage to beauty. Distinguished women of our own day also know the true worth of beauty, seek it ceaselessly and often find it with the help of Monteil's Night Skin Cream and Rose Skin Cream . . . each rich and satin smooth, each devised to check the years . . to encourage classic loveliness.

Germaine Monteil

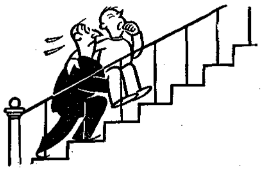
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

If we had our choice of who we would like to be right now, we'd choose to be Lois Dennis, who is listed in a directory of Washington statistical agencies as "statistical clerk, specializing in final results."

The draft, as you would expect of anything involving so many people, is a fairly inconsistent operation, with some induction centres taking one-eyed prospects and others rejecting them, and so on. After two years of war, however, one principle of Selective Service legislation continues to stand out like a beacon—that men between eighteen and thirty-eight who sired living offspring not later than December 7, 1941, are the last to be considered for induction. According to this, childless men and post-Pearl Harbor begetters of thirty-six or thirty-seven have been, and still are, a whole lot more likely to be transformed into privates than twenty-two- or twenty-three-year-old pre-Pearl-Harbor fathers. Fatherhood is a taxing state, and we wouldn't venture a military opinion on Selective Service's preferences, but we would venture a semantic one, and that is that the word "child" is beginning to take a place alongside the names of such militarily disqualifying defects as color-blindness, tuberculosis, hernia, amputation, and 20/400ths vision not correctible with glasses. "What affliction made it necessary for you to stay in a simple sack suit during the last war?" thousands of gaffers in their thirties will be asked by their children ten years from now if Congress continues to have its way. "Punctured eardrums? Arthritis? Dislike of crowds?" "You, my child, you" will be the answer. The members of that generation will inevitably get the idea that they are synonymous with heart trouble, hay fever, and claustrophobia. This will lead to an inability to climb stairs, uncontrollable sneezing, and searches for living quarters in medium-sized ballrooms, which, as everyone knows, have been practically extinct since the demolition of the Peter Cooper house and the conversion of the George Blumenthal mansion into an annex of the Metropolitan Museum.



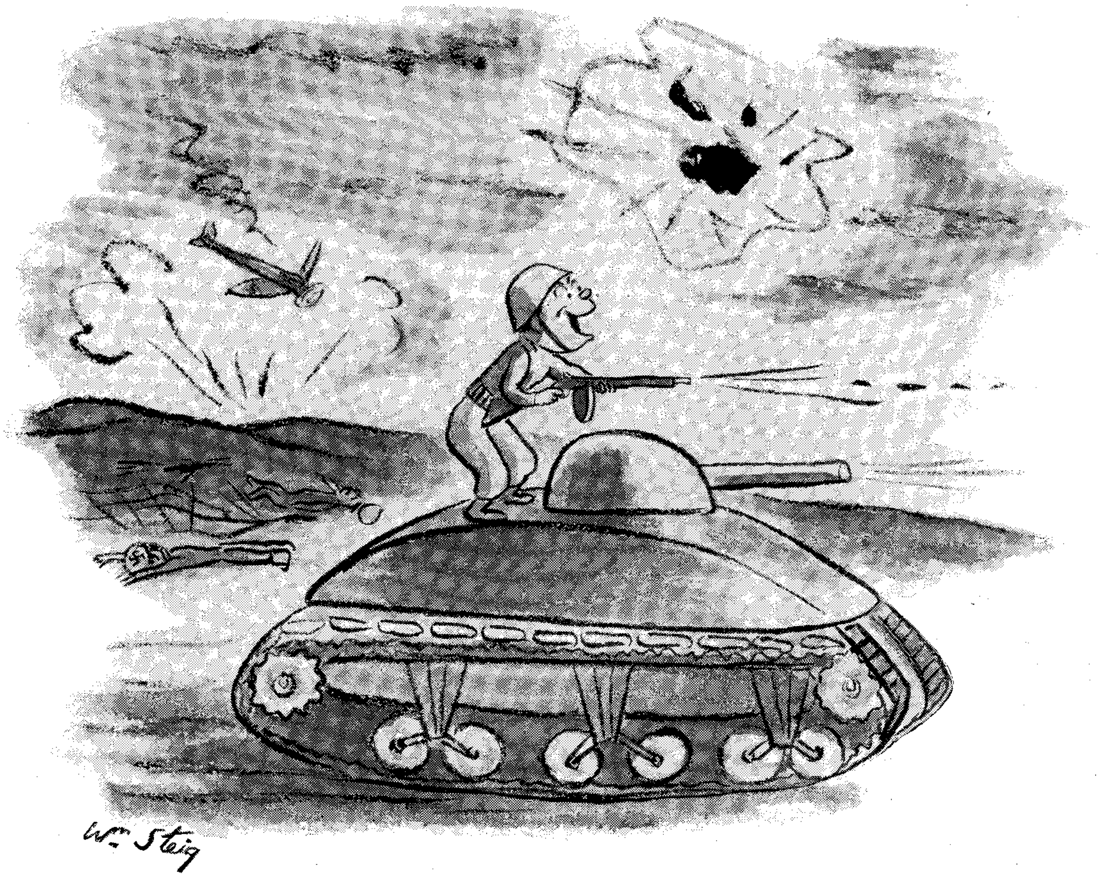
Bergdorf Goodman have just received and passed along to us a V-mail letter from a group of soldiers in North Africa offering for sale some dress designs "featuring the North African motif." "Should you be interested, we shall be very glad to submit our designs for your approval," the letter says, over the signature of a pfc who styles himself the sales manager for the group. This, we venture to say, is exactly the sort of thing that the Germans don't understand about us. Sometimes, to tell the truth, we're puzzled ourself.

Sitting by our radio the other evening, in tranquil communion with the intellectual underworld, we realized that the expression "you see," as used in commercial announcements, has acquired a peculiar idiomatic significance. Invariably it is the prelude to some flatly incredible claim—"You see, science has proved that four out of every seven cases of sandpaper elbows are caused by the *wrong soap*" or "You see, triple sealing prevents the triple-strength vitamins from getting stale." What "you see" means today, in so many words, is "Watch out, now, here comes a whopper."

Ex-Senator Hiram Bingham of Connecticut had a letter in the *Times* the other day that worried us a good deal. It began:

> To the Gilbert Islands, in 1857, went my father and mother as pioneer missionaries. My father was a member of "the famous class of 1853" at Yale. More than ten per cent of his classmates eventually found niches in the Dictionary of American Biography. He was very proud of their record. They settled on Apaiang, just north of Tarawa.

At first, we were inclined to put the statement that ten per cent of the Yale class of 1853 had settled on Apaiang in the Gilberts down to an error of syntax on Senator Bingham's part; we assumed that what he meant was that only his father and mother had settled there. Thinking it over, however, we are not so sure; it is just possible that ten per cent of the Yale class of '53 *did* settle in the Gilberts. That would at least adequately explain why it was called the "famous" class and why so many of its members made the "Dictionary of American Biography." If our hypothesis is correct, the emigration of a great swatch of Yale '53 to the South Seas was one of the heroic sagas of history, comparable only to the march of Xenophon and his Ten Thousand or the Exodus of the Jews from Egypt. We presume that they married among the native girls, like the mutineers of the Bounty, and that they pondered a lot before they decided not to send their children back to some good preparatory school and then to New Haven. The dark-skinned descendants of '53 must



DREAMS OF GLORY

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even now be climbing palm trees, fishing in the surf, and regaling each other around their fires with incomprehensible ancestral tales about a sacred fence and a gibberish song about a man named Eli.

Agitated Dogs

HAVING made a trip out to La Guardia Field, where eight Army dogs are working as the companions of sentries on duty at night, we're in a position to tell you how the dogs are trained and kept in condition for this highly responsible work. We talked with a Sergeant Carl La Grass, a young man from Ohio who was, in civilian life, a trainer of bird dogs and now has charge of four of the eight dogs at La Guardia. He and his dogs arrived here three months ago from a training camp in Nebraska, after a two-month course in which the dogs learned obedience and mistrust of everybody except their trainer and the sentry at the other end of their leashes. Right now it would be dangerous for their former owners to approach them. So that the dogs won't relapse into their civilian, hail-fellow mood, they're allowed to work with only three sentries and they can't even romp together when off duty. It's tough, but this is war.

Army standards call for dogs between one and five years of age, of either sex, not under twenty inches in height or fifty pounds in weight. Any breed is acceptable, but Dobermans or German shepherds are regarded as a little easier to train. The La Guardia outfit includes two Dobermans, a German shepherd, a Belgian shepherd, a reasonably pure-bred collie, a collie-shepherd, a chow-shepherd, and a collie-chow. The first two weeks' training covered the customary obedience tricks—walking on leash, coming to heel, sitting, and jumping obstacles. The method is perfectly simple, and anybody who can spare six hours a day can similarly educate a civilian dog. To make a dog sit on command, you grab his head and force him back on his haunches, at the same time saying, in a firm voice, "Sit!" As soon as the dog gets the idea and sits on the word of command, you make a downward motion as you say it; if the dog is really smart, the gesture will soon be enough for him. All dogs are to some degree sensitive to words of praise or reproach, and it helps to say "Good dog!" when they do something well and "Terrible! Shame!" when they do it badly. You have to portion the fondling and reproaches pretty carefully, though, Sergeant La Grass told us, as some dogs feel things more deeply than others.

After learning obedience, the candidates undergo the "agitation process." This employs the services of soldiers called agitators, whose duty it is to disillusion the dogs about the motives of all humans except the trainer and handler. An agitator will approach a dog on leash and make hypocritical overtures to him, and the man holding the leash will pay no attention. If the dog shows no mistrust, the agitator grabs his ears and yanks them; this hurts, and the dog soon learns to look on all potential strangers as potential ear-grabbers. Then another agitator (they're constantly changed, so the dogs won't regard their tormentors as a limited group) walks past the dog, idly humming a tune, and, as soon as he is behind him, turns and pinches the animal's flanks; a few treatments like this convince the dog that he ought to keep his eye on strangers and not let them get at his back. From here, the training progresses to the danger of hidden enemies. The dog is led through rooms where agitators are hiding; if the dog doesn't sniff them out, they sneak up and give him a crack with a whip. The same thing is done in underbrush and open fields; ear-grabbers pop up out of holes, and even out of hollow trees, and the graduate dog suspects the worst under all circumstances. Anticipating your question, we can tell you that it will be quite possible to untrain the postwar dog so he won't bite the postman.

Interview

AN urban family we know decided a while back to move to the suburbs and the mother began inspecting houses. She rang the doorbell of one in Larchmont and said to the lady who answered, "I saw your ad in the *Times*. May I see the house?" "Of course," the other said. "Do come in." She showed our lady all over, winding up with the kitchen, where she pointed with pride to a big sink, a modern stove, and a capacious refrigerator. "Does the refrigerator come with the house?" the urban lady asked. "Oh, my goodness, you've come to the wrong place!" the housewife said. "It's the house next door that's for rent. *I'm* after a maid. I *thought* you were a little choosy, but you can't tell these days, can you?"

Breath of Life

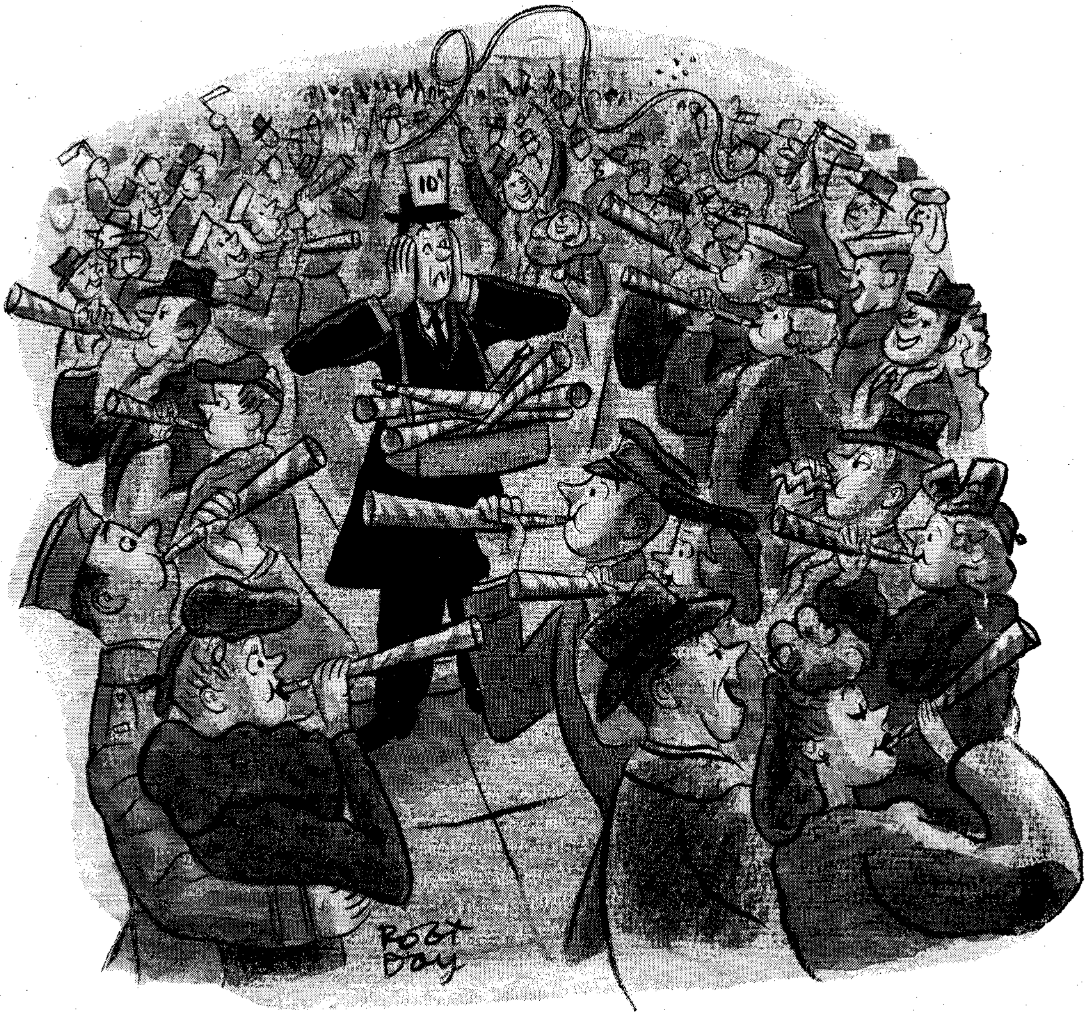
IN Lord & Taylor's window, there's a wax figure of a little boy asleep in bed, dreaming, and, by George, he's breathing!—inhale, exhale, inhale, exhale. Tracking down what seemed to be a new tendency in the plastic arts, we wound up in Jersey City, in the studio of an old gentleman named Leopold Schmidt, who devised the breathing effect and made the mannequin. Breathing mannequins are far from new, Mr. Schmidt told us; he did a breathing mannequin for Bloomingdale's in 1923 and before that he did another for a mattress concern. "That was a toughie," he recalled. "The thing would shiver all over and it took me three weeks to get it working right. I used to get the creeps when I was working on it late at night." It is hard to place Mr. Schmidt, but we will call him a sculptor with mechanical overtones. His uncle did wax sculpture for the Eden Musée and his father was a sculptor. At the age of twenty-five, having learned the wax-museum game from his uncle, he went into business for himself, making portrait figures and commercial exhibits. "The first bust I ever did was of Jesus Christ, and then I did one of the president of the Standard Oil Company," he told us. He wanted us to understand that Lord & Taylor's Mr. Callahan was responsible for the idea behind this display. "The dreams and stuff were all Mr. Callahan's. I was merely responsible for the breathing," he said.

Mr. Schmidt is happiest doing museum work. His favorite creation was a tableau of George Washington and Betsy Ross pondering designs for the American flag. "I also did one of Jefferson, Franklin, and John Adams looking at the Declaration of Independence," he said. "They are looking at it, not criticizing or anything, just looking at it." He also did a wax version of the Last Supper. "That's by Leonardo da Vinci. I stuck to his ideas pretty closely," he remarked. Some department-store jobs are complicated by the fact that the strong lights necessary in the windows make it so hot that wax melts, which makes it necessary to install a ventilating apparatus. "If it gets too cold, though, the eyes fall out," he said. "It's enough to break your heart." Mr. Schmidt likes the Lord & Taylor display and drops by every day or so for another look at it, but he remembers rather wistfully the old days, when mechanical Santas, elves, and reindeer were in vogue for holiday windows. "Now you have to be grotesque or futuristic or have things go on and off," he said. "I'm of the realist school myself—not that it seems to do me much good."

Mr. Schmidt works with a staff of five, four of them members of his family. His son and son-in-law help mold the figures and his wife and daughter put on the hair and eyelashes. "My wife is more of a critic than an artist, but she sure is good on hair," Mr. Schmidt told us. Life in the Schmidt family is full of variety, we gathered. For instance, Mr. Schmidt took up flying seven years ago, at the age of sixty-one, and piled up forty solo hours before Pearl Harbor. He's something of an inventor and has just patented an improved marine propeller, as well as something for the government that he doesn't feel at liberty to mention. Animating the breathing figure for Lord & Taylor was child's play for a man of this calibre—just a matter of a motor to push the chest out and springs to pull it in. What Mr. Schmidt would like to achieve is a figure that breathes and walks. He heard some years ago that a Swiss craftsman had done such a job and he started experimenting himself. "It wasn't feasible," he confessed moodily. "We had that thing pacing up and down, but it just didn't seem right. You can't get a natural walk, or at least I couldn't decide what a natural walk would be. I guess some scientific foundation will have to work it out."

Raise

AN obscure consequence of an act of Congress, effective May 1, 1943, which gave federal employees a cost-



of-living raise in salary, is that dollar-a-year men now get $0.0035 a day instead of $0.0028. The fellow who told us this, himself a dollar-a-year man, said that his check for the fiscal year ending last June 30th (which seems to have arrived a little late) was $1.04 and that the covering form letter from the Treasury Department said, "In view of the ever-present necessity for guarding against inflation, we are hopeful that you will take immediate steps to invest this dangerous money in War Bonds."

Our Own Baedeker

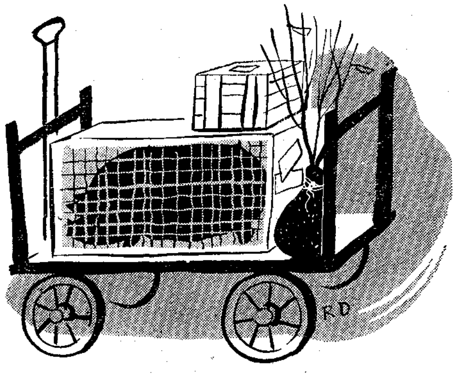
WHEN our troops invaded New Britain, they hit the largest island they will meet in their northward push until they reach the Japanese homeland. The island is crescent-shaped, a little over three hundred and fifty miles long and averaging something under thirty miles across. There are lots of bays and inlets and the inland country is mountainous, with the usual thick jungle growth. At a broad guess, there are (excluding the opposing armies) a couple of hundred thousand inhabitants, none of whom you would want to put up for your club. An early explorer said of them, "They are savage fellows with frizzly hair; they eat human flesh and are incarnate rascals, and so wicked that even the devil could learn from them." New Britain was under German rule from 1884 to 1914, when the Australians occupied it. At the end of the war it was mandated to Australia. Rabaul, now the Japanese stronghold on the island, used to be the main white settlement, with a golf course, a swimming pool, and a pretty little race track. Anybody who wanted to work practically had to go into the copra business, but a good many never bothered.

The climate on New Britain is better than in the Solomons, from a white man's standpoint. The annual rainfall, to be sure, is a hundred inches, but it's seasonal. Because of the mountains, the northern and southern sides of the island have different rainy seasons; the southern side, where our troops landed, is now relatively dry, and will be so for the next two months. The jungle is made up of coconut palms, breadfruit trees, eucalyptus trees, and an occasional Max Schling orchid. There are fifty kinds of banana growing around, too. Parrots and pigeons are common, and there is also a fascinating bird called a mound-builder, which scratches together a mound of vegetation, lays one large egg in the mound, and goes off, leaving the egg to be hatched by the heat of vegetable fermentation. The most interesting mammal thereabouts is a two-foot-high wallaby. The butterflies are all collectors' items. And that, not counting an occasional volcanic eruption, is a brief sketch of what the place is like.

The natives have an excellent layman's knowledge of anatomy, both human and comparative, perhaps as a result of their tendency to cannibalism. Their most repulsive practice, however, is brother-in-law worship; the brother-in-law is the most important person in the family and what he says goes. The islanders are plagued by *kots*, which are evil spirits dwelling in caves or trees. There are cases on record of missionaries ingratiating themselves by shooting *kots* with rifles. There's a new regional dialect every ten or fifteen miles, but all the natives speak pidgin English. Newborn babies are held over a fire, for good luck, and sometimes smother. One offshoot of brother-in-law worship is that when a New Britain bachelor buys a wife, her uncle gets the dough, not her father. The price ranges from the equivalent of five to seventy-five dollars, on a money-back guarantee if the girl doesn't work out. All the natives eat flying foxes and believe that they will not go to heaven unless they die rich. Their exclusive paradise is called Nakaney, and if you want to know something, it's where the late John D. Rockefeller is.

Humor

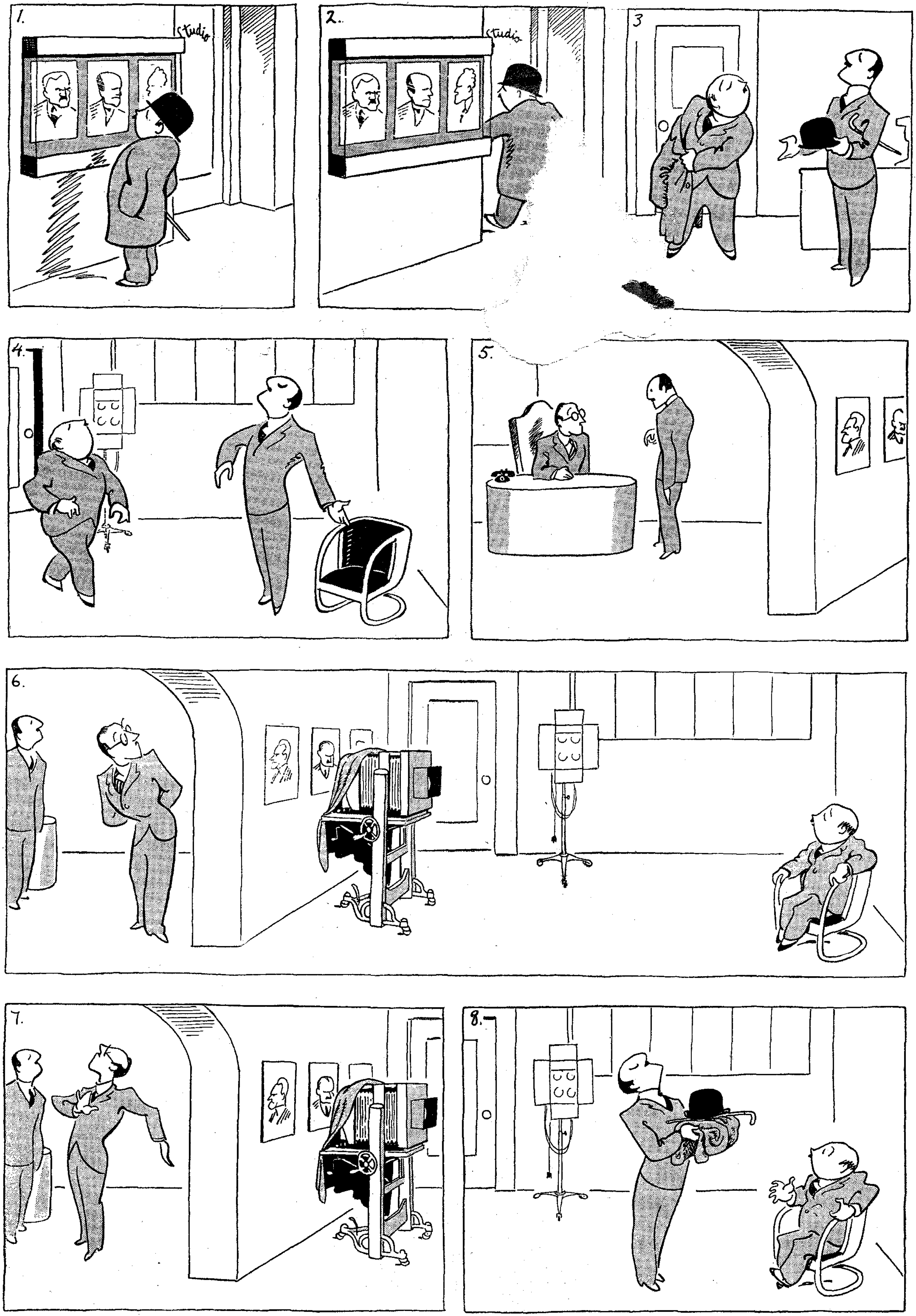
A LAUGHING little girl of eight whom we have met once or twice socially at her uncle's home ran up to us on a windy corner the other twilight with a jolly greeting and something which she said she had to tell us. We bent down and cupped a polite ear. It was some time before she could speak, because of giggling, but at last she brought it out. "My grandma," she said, "gave my daddy eight years of *Newsweek* for Christmas," and off she ran into the purpling dusk, trailing her girlish laughter.



Heiden

THE past decade has produced plenty of books with such inflammatory titles as "I Was Hitler's Dentist," "The Kleptomaniac of Berchtesgaden," "Is There Any Such Person As Hitler?" and the like, but the works of Konrad Heiden, the subject of these paragraphs, are in a different category altogether. Mr. Heiden is a man who has devoted most of his adult life to a somewhat dispassionate study of Hitler and the National Socialist Party and who is regarded in political and academic circles as a serious historian. He's timely on account of the Book-of-the-Month Club will shortly stuff down the throats of its subscribers Heiden's fifth book about Hitler and/or the Nazi Party—"Der Fuehrer," it's called. It's based partly on some new material smuggled out of Germany and partly on some hitherto untouched Hitleriana that turned up in the Hoover Library at Leland Stanford. "It should have been in Europe, but where do I find it? Here!" Heiden says. "I think everything can be found here."

Heiden arrived in this country three years ago, after the fall of France; he was one of a group of intellectuals, among them Feuchtwanger and Werfel, that our State Department helped to rescue. He had lived in France since leaving Germany, in 1933. Even in 1933, Hitler was an old story to Heiden; he had been observing the Nazis ever since 1920. In the politically uncertain days that followed the end of the last war, Heiden, then a student at the University of Munich, joined the Social Democrats and was given the assignment of worming his way into Nazi circles and reporting on their activities. He attended all the beer-hall meetings he could and soon reached the conclusion that Hitler was a man to be reckoned with—shrewd, intelligent, and a born leader. "He'd come into a beer hall, and while he was walking up to the musicians' platform the place would be in a bedlam," Heiden told us. "He could say anything and his followers would cheer. It seemed to me that nothing approaching this enthusiasm had been seen in Germany since the days of the Reformation." Heiden's Social Democrat friends pooh-poohed his fears about Hitler, but he continued his investigations even after he left college and went to work as a reporter on the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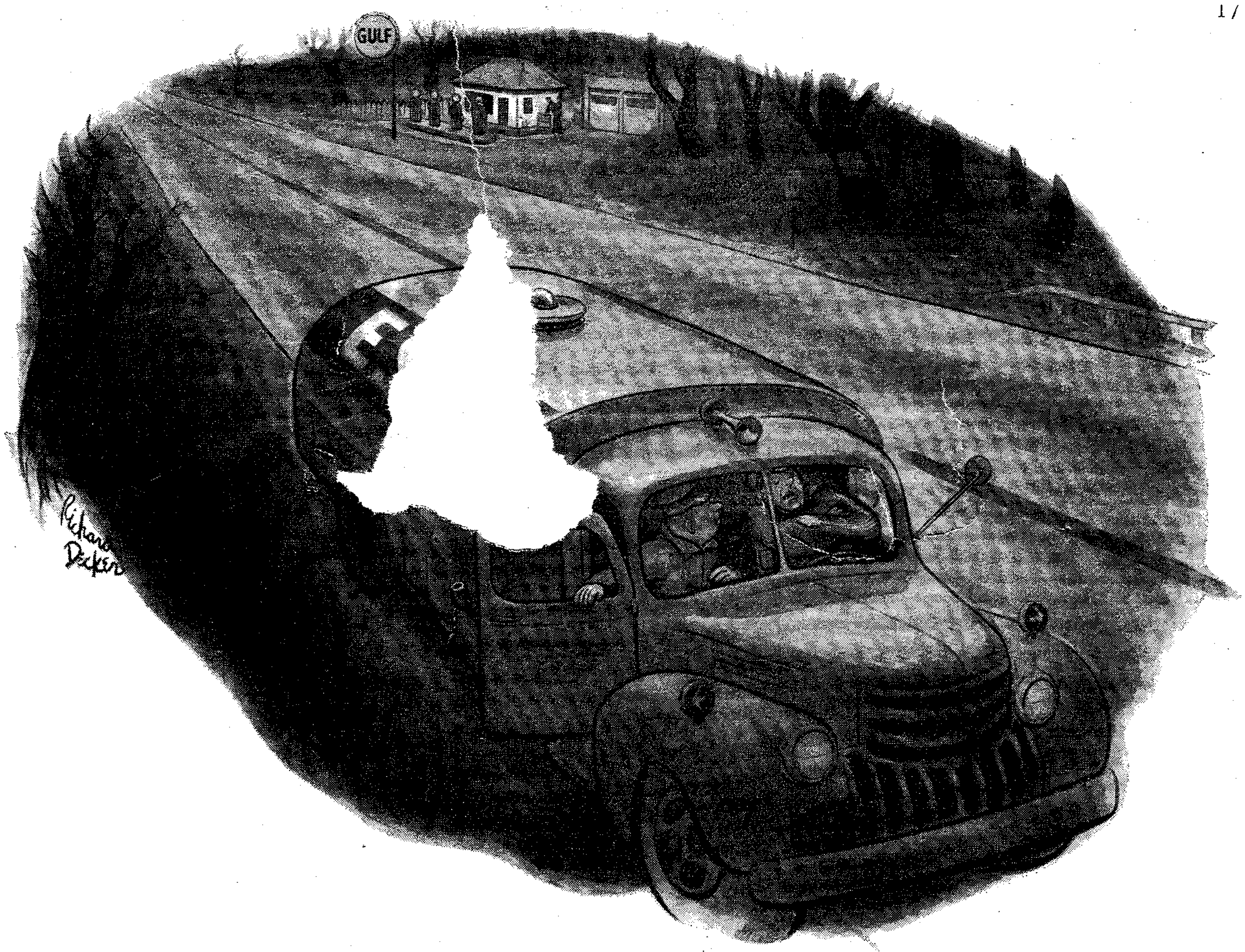

"You ask him for gas if you want to. I'd rather die first!"

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Frankfurter Zeitung, a liberal newspaper. Whenever Hitler came to Frankfort, Heiden would look him up. We asked if Heiden had ever interviewed Hitler, and he said no, that in Germany interviews were reserved for very important people. Incidentally, he added, this led to confusion among the refugees who came over here; they were flattered but terribly puzzled when our reporters sought them out for human-interest stories.

In 1932, after several years of pot-shotting at Hitler in his newspaper, Heiden wrote a book, "A History of National Socialism," an unflattering account of the party's origins and activities. "I considered it a political task to be done," he told us. "I wrote it to convince the rich appeasers that they couldn't do business with Hitler." The appeasers remaining unconvinced, Heiden got out of the country, just ahead of the Gestapo, in 1933 and two years later, in France, he wrote what is still regarded as the definitive biography of Hitler. Later he did a couple more studies of the growth of the Nazi Party. We asked Heiden how he liked this specialized literary career and he said, "Oh, Hitler isn't dull copy, but I don't enjoy writing about him because I don't like him. Even if he were just an ordinary man I met at a party, I wouldn't like him. There's something wrong with his skin and I don't like his exaggerated politeness. And I always had the feeling that if we shook hands, his would be clammy." As for the new material in the Hoover Library, Heiden said that it included some speeches Hitler made in the twenties and a letter Hitler wrote from the trenches in 1914, telling how much he enjoyed the war. Among the unused material he brought with him from abroad are a family tree tracing Hitler's people back to the seventeenth century and a schoolboy report card which marks young Adolf "Very Bad" in German and Mathematics, "Bad" in History and Conduct (aha!), and "Very Good" in Gymnastics and Freehand Drawing. "You know what the implications of that report card are?" he asked us, then answered the question himself: "Exactly nothing." A sound historian, not a doubt of it.

Sale

A PHILADELPHIA matron whose husband is overseas received from him a request for some handball equipment. A local sporting-goods store was able to dig up a couple of balls and two right-hand gloves, which the lady paid for and ordered mailed to her husband. That evening she found out from a masculine friend that she should have sent a glove for the right hand and one for the left. Next day she trotted back to the store to see if it was too late to rectify the mistake and was referred to the manager, who said he could fix things up. "Tell me," he asked, "were you waited on by an old lady?" The customer said yes. "I thought so," the manager said. "Madam," he continued, "you have no idea how fast a sporting-goods store can go to hell when an old lady gets her teeth into it."

THE MANGOES ARE GONE

ONE winter evening in 1914, we sat, my parents, my brother, and myself, under the pipal tree watching the garden dim and fade in the swift Indian night. For us children it was a favorite time, the hour before we were banished into the house and to bed. We were English. Indian children are luckier; they go to bed when they want to.

None of us could have said when or how the old man arrived; perhaps he drifted down from the silent leaves above us, perhaps some pore of the earth gave him up to our unprepared vision. There he was, standing near our semicircle of chairs, a figure like a twisted branch, naked except for his loincloth.

"It is a beggar," declared Abdul the bearer, emerging from the house behind us. "I warned him not to intrude, but he moves like a shadow." Abdul turned his august white beard toward the stranger. "We have nothing for you. Begone!"

But the old man stayed motionless and my father addressed him. "Who are you, old one? What is it you want?"

The answer came in a voice like a cracked reed pipe. "Protector of the Poor, my name is Mahala. I have walked a great distance and for two days I have not eaten."

"All of which is your affair, not ours," said Abdul, for, like all old and privileged servants, he was aware of his masters' sentimental weaknesses.

"God has guided my feet to this house. You cannot send me away empty."

"Depart, depart!" Abdul took a threatening step forward.

For a moment the old man stood like a wraith, then, without warning, he collapsed in the dust and sent up a prolonged wail full of reproach, entreaty, and despair.

"A child's trick," said Abdul disgustedly. "It means nothing."

My mother interposed. "Give him a rupee, Abdul."

"A rupee? O Allah!" Grudgingly Abdul produced the coin and flung it into the dust beside the prostrate figure. As mysteriously as he had appeared, the old man gathered himself together and vanished.

Next morning my brother and I were taking our usual exploratory stroll through the garden and the mango grove. We had forgotten our ancient visitor of the night before, but now we suddenly came on him as he squatted under a tree, engaged in weaving a sling from a piece of rope. When he saw us he rose and made a deep, trembling obeisance. "I have eaten. Now I would make a sling to drive away the parrots and vermin from my lords' mangoes. I am too old to be of much use, but that I *can* do. See!"

He placed a stone in the sling, whirled it round his head, and let fly. The stone plopped down two yards away and he beamed with heartbreaking delight. "Yes, I shall be the death of those thieving birds. Thus, thus I shall repay my debt."

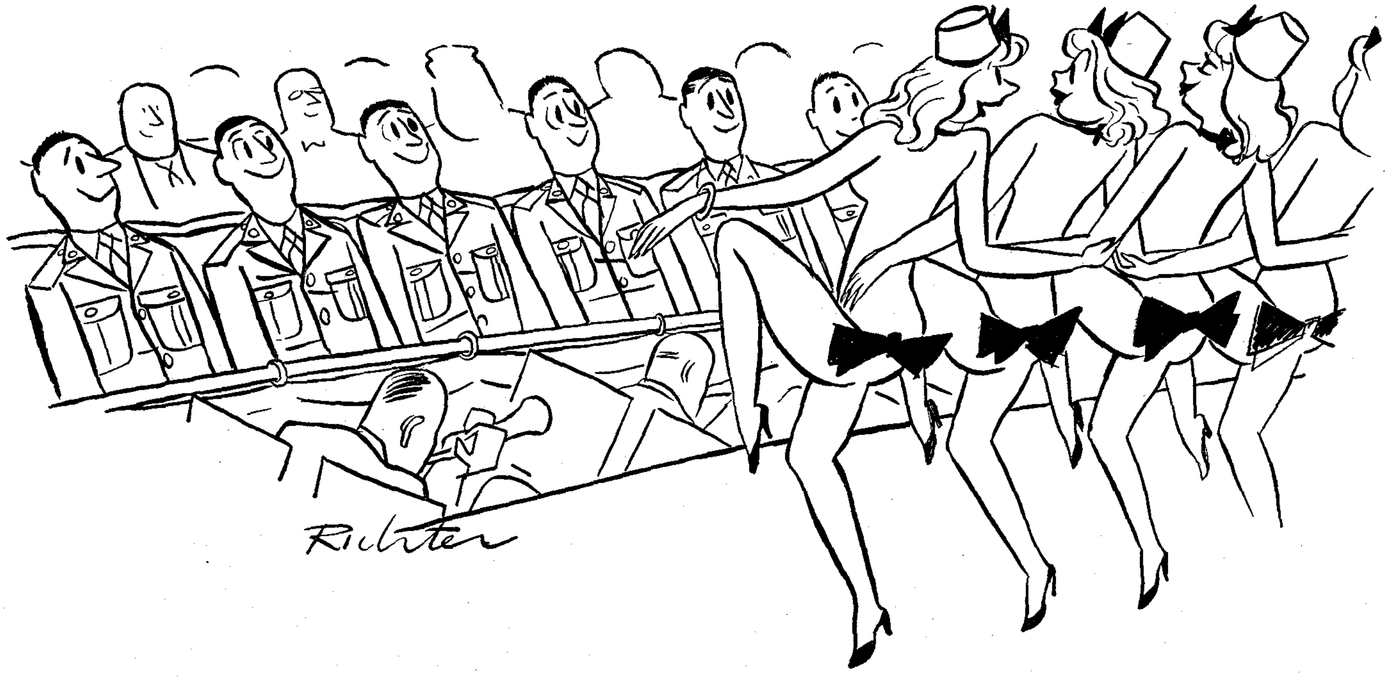
THERE was nothing to be done about it; we could not drive him away nor could we let him work without a wage. He was, of course, quite useless, with scarcely enough strength to draw a lotah of water from the garden well or to whirl his absurd sling. The parrots ignored him, the squirrels hardly troubled to get out of his way, and the other servants sneered. They had, after the manner of their kind, banded together in their jealousy, fearful lest the perquisites which might otherwise come their way be diverted to this pitiable creature. Partly to spite them, we set to work to make old Mahala feel at home. We persuaded our parents to buy him a quilted jacket against the cool nights; we forced the gardener to contribute an old string bed from his own quarters and the gardener's assistant to erect a straw shelter under the mango trees, where Mahala had taken up residence. My brother and I smuggled out one of our own blankets and other gifts for the sheer pleasure of seeing the old man's eyes light up. His gratitude was touching. Whenever he saw us he would rouse himself to a short-lived frenzy, giving little shrieks of warning to the parrots, whirling his sling, and dancing like some brittle old dust devil. He never left the mango grove except to go to the well, a few hundred yards away; there he lowered his brass lotah at the end of its rope while the gardener watched and muttered vindictively from a distance. Once, when he was watching, the gardener said to my brother and me, "The mangoes have always been *my* responsibility. Now word will get round and the presence of this old fool will be a direct invitation to thieves and trespassers."

9.
Studio
Frueh

Mahala seemed quite unconscious of the diverse effects which his arrival inspired within our household. He lived a strange, aloof existence under his trees, among birds and squirrels and butterflies and big black ants. In a little while a queer friendship grew up between the three of us—Mahala, my brother, and myself. It was, I think, based on the inarticulate, unconscious affinity which sometimes exists between youth and old age. We stood on separate thresholds, on the brink of separate mysteries, yet our minds were curiously akin. We children never hesitated to laugh when he missed the insolent parrots and uttered bloodcurdling threats against any harmless stranger who entered the premises, but he never resented our laughter; in fact, he liked to make us laugh. And when we did what was forbidden us, when we climbed the laden branches and ate the unripe fruit and were secretly ill, Mahala said nothing. When we tormented the gardener and threw stones at the well bullocks to make them kick, Mahala's eyes shone with a childish glee.

We never found out anything about his past, and as a matter of fact we did not dare ask him questions about it, for we had acquired an almost superstitious feeling toward him. In our eyes he stood as unique, far removed from the dull category of ordinary adults. We were convinced that he must be five hundred years old, and the thought made us breathless and dreamy. Occasionally, stirred by interest, he would give us a peculiarly intimate and loving glance, and we knew that he understood us as no one else could ever understand.

One day when we went out to the



"The second from the left's not bad."

mango grove we found Mahala standing alone beside the well. He turned dejectedly and held out a length of rope. "It broke as I was drawing it up, and now my lotah lies at the bottom!"

We examined the rope, which was a new one; it was obvious that it had been partially cut by a sharp knife and that someone had cut it intentionally. Our suspicions centred at once on the gardener, but there was little use in voicing them, since the accusations of children or of beggarly old parasites would carry small weight. However, we wrought a slight revenge by filling the gardener's shoes with marmalade stolen from the dining-room cupboard and by promising Mahala a new lotah at the earliest opportunity.

A few days later we noticed that he no longer wore his black, quilted jacket. "It is gone," he confessed, and made a despairing gesture. "While I slept, it disappeared."

Abdul the bearer clicked his teeth impatiently. "The old man is deaf and almost blind. Thieves could come and take the shoes off his feet and he would never know it."

"Besides," said the ayah, jingling her glass bracelets, "he gets paid for doing nothing. Let him buy himself another jacket."

In spite of stern threats from our parents to the other servants, neither the lotah nor the jacket was ever retrieved. My brother and I tied knots in Abdul's turban while he took his afternoon nap and we seized every opportunity of discussing, in public, the ayah's intrigue with the syce. But Mahala made no complaint. Crouched under the mango trees, he slept as the very old sleep, in fits and starts; by day he moved from tree to tree, berating the birds who hid their green bodies among the green fruit, or else he crept up with awful intent on native boys who occasionally trespassed too close to his beloved grove.

IN the meantime the mangoes were ripening, and when, hot from the sun, one fell at our feet, my brother and I ate it and washed the flat white seed, combing it clean so its white hairs stood up like the hackles of a wild boar. Then we pencilled eyes on it, and nostrils, and gave it to Mahala to console him. By way of return he made us each a little sling, with which we took pot shots at the other servants, in no way adding to their love for us or our protégé.

The days became blazing hot and we were not allowed to go out except in the early morning or when the sun had subsided; then the parrots fled in green tides to their distant roost and regiments of flying foxes took their place. Two months after Mahala's first appearance, Abdul and the gardener presented themselves just as we were sitting down to breakfast. In his most profound voice, Abdul exclaimed, "The mangoes are gone!"

"Yes," said the gardener. "And with them—Mahala!"

We stared in stupefaction. "The mangoes are gone? Mahala gone? You must be mad!"

"Then come and see for yourselves. It was a put-up job. His friends came in the night and footprints in the dust show that there were several, all of them as agile as monkeys. They must have brought baskets and sacks and they have carried off every mango in the grove."

The entire household streamed out to the grove. Mahala was gone, but the straw mat which had kept dew and showers off our old friend was still there; so were the blanket and a few odds and ends. Everyone was talking at once and there was a general, jubilant air of I told you so.

"This is what comes of trusting strangers," said the ayah, jingling the bracelets which the syce had given her.

"True," agreed the syce, who regularly stole the horses' grain and sold it in order to pay for the bracelets. "No question but that the old man was ringleader of a hardened band of budmashes."

We gazed desperately at our parents and my brother inquired, "If Mahala was a thief, why did he leave the blanket?"

"Something in that," said my father, frowning.

I ventured, "He must have been asleep when the thieves came. Then, when he woke up and found the mangoes gone, he went away because he was ashamed and frightened and he wouldn't have known what to say to us." I had not thought of this until I started to speak, but suddenly I knew it to be the truth.

"Bah!" said Abdul. "You argue like children! There is nothing for it but to summon the police. Mahala is too old to have gone far. The police will soon find him."

"No!" cried my brother. He stood rigid, his face crimson. "No!"

"Now listen," begged my mother appeasingly.

"No!" My brother flung himself on the ground and began to writhe and bite his clothes. Already trembling, I caught the contagion and began to scream too, at the top of my lungs. The servants drew away in a frightened bunch as our hysterics drove every bird and squirrel into hiding. My father finally succeeded in making his voice heard above the din. "Stop it! Stop it at once!"

We went on screaming. "No no no no no!"

"*Aré!*" wailed the ayah. "Do not let them cry. They always make themselves sick."

"Stop it, stop it, stop it!" yelled my father furiously.

"*No no no no no!*"

My mother put one arm round me and shrieked to make herself heard. "No one is going to hurt Mahala. We know it was not he that stole the mangoes."

"Then promise!" raved my brother, with further demented squirmings.

"Good God!" said Abdul. "Are the mangoes gone or are they not gone?"

My brother's voice and mine rose excruciatingly. "Promise! Promise! Promise!"

"I promise, we promise. No one will touch Mahala. Now for heaven's sake, stop this noise!"

Hot, sobbing, and breathless, we were led back to the house. The mangoes were gone; next year there would be another crop, but as for Mahala, we never saw or heard of him again.

—CHRISTINE WESTON

EVENING WITH A VETERAN OF THE WARS

Come on, Captain. I think you'll like this place,
And, as I said, I'll be glad to buy a soldier a drink,
Particularly one home from the wars . . .
One who, like yourself,
Was out there at Epirus with Caesar, and was wounded,
And shipped home.
Well, it hasn't changed, has it?
Rome's still Rome,
though even now on the Thessalian plain
Some part of our common future is being decided
In the dust and noise of war,
Where Caesar and Pompey maneuver their legions in this fatal campaign.

But you're more soldier than I am,
Whose strategy is limited to wine bottles and whose wars are all with myself.
You know the actuality behind the words:
The long march against real enemies, dangerous weather,
The trap in the mountain pass . . .
The fear, I've heard,
All soldiers have of being mutilated in the face,
And that knowledge, for which there is no substitute,
That comes with seeing the legionary dead in the wild grass.

And I'll confess
What you must have faced out there in Epirus,
With your back to the sea,
Puts me in awe of soldiers. . . . Therefore, the civilian buys the drinks,
As I am doing now,
Partying the veteran to ease (why hide it?) a certain guilt.

Yes,
I imagine, home now, you want a girl and an address,
And I think it can be managed.
Though after the Egyptian
And the Helvetian girls, what paints itself in Rome
Must look pretty tame.
There's a dancer (do you like dancers?),
A Julia, in town with a provincial company—good-looking, but a temper. . . .
As for me, no thanks. Too old for it now.
Sort of *sic semper*
The tyranny of love. . . .
I'll introduce you and go home to bed.

But if I were asked, as you asked me earlier,
Where I'd lay my odds . . .
Whether on Caesar or on Pompey,
The bald aristocrat or the stolid one . . .
Knowing, too, how easily any winner I pick may be repicked by the gods . . .
If, as I say, I had to . . .
Well, I'd say Caesar.

For Caesar home would mean order of a kind, and peace.
The Consul himself assures us that with victory this will be his last campaign,
And, once secure, Rome will be his only love.
Magnificent public works,
As I understand it, planned down to the last aqueduct and the last drain,
Employment for all,
Farms for the veterans, and peace.

All under his arm, of course,
And the Empire stretching from the islands of the Western Sea to Greece,
Greater than ever before.

Well, after the riots
And the hunger, and the wars followed by interminable war,

And the assassinations in the streets,
And, involved in all this history, the failure of my own life,
I'll be glad to see it over.

You'll be home, too,
A farmer perhaps, settled down, an ex-soldier with a pretty wife....
But meanwhile there's our dancer.
I'd suggest meeting me
In an hour outside the Apollonian Temple.
I'll have her there,
And then I'll say good night,
Leaving you to the delights of Rome
And to Julia,
Who, if I remember, despite that temper, should make even a captain feel he's home.

—Alfred Hayes

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THE GREATEST CENTRE FIELDER SINCE SNODGRASS

FOR a few minutes, the first day Captain Zerega appeared on the post volleyball court with the other officers, it seemed hardly worth-while for the other side to try to win. He leaped and gambolled about the court with the utmost grace, grabbed the ball and flipped it up and seemed to juggle it, and in general made everybody else look very inept. I had never seen such grace. It was remarkable, considering the Captain's build, which was something like that of a kewpie, and his age, which was close to fifty.

He shouted "I have it!" whenever the ball came in his direction, and then waited for it with his knees bent slightly and his arms in a very graceful position which I cannot describe. Whatever he did, he did with perfect form. Each performance was a picture of coördination, of rhythm, with never the flick of a finger wasted. Captain Zerega clearly had been an athlete of parts in his youth.

Now, however, we come to a certain flaw in the performance of Captain Zerega. He couldn't hit the ball back over the net. This was not so much inability to perform this relatively simple maneuver as it was an inbred, inherent distaste for doing it. It was clear from his movements that he had once been a baseball outfielder, whose object is to hang onto the ball once he has his hands on it. Zerega made some really wonderful catches, in a movement as graceful and neat as that of a deer leaping over the trunk of a fallen birch, and then he glared through the net at the other side, plainly daring anyone to try to make an extra base.

It soon dawned on the Captain, of course, that there was something wrong in his approach to the game, and he began trying to hit the ball back, but there was nothing in his past to guide him. It was a start not only from scratch but from worse than scratch, since he first had to remember not to catch the ball before remembering to hit it back. His first trouble lay in the fact that only amateur outfielders catch the ball high up, in front of the face. The regulars catch it with the arms down, in front of the crotch, as though holding a sack. This is not the best position from which to hit a volleyball, however. It is the worst. You cannot hit it very far, because you are in a position to catch it, not hit it, and the result is likely to be a very weak pop-up. That is the way it was with Captain Zerega. He would shout bravely that he had the ball, would assume his position, then hit it two or three feet with the most consummate grace.

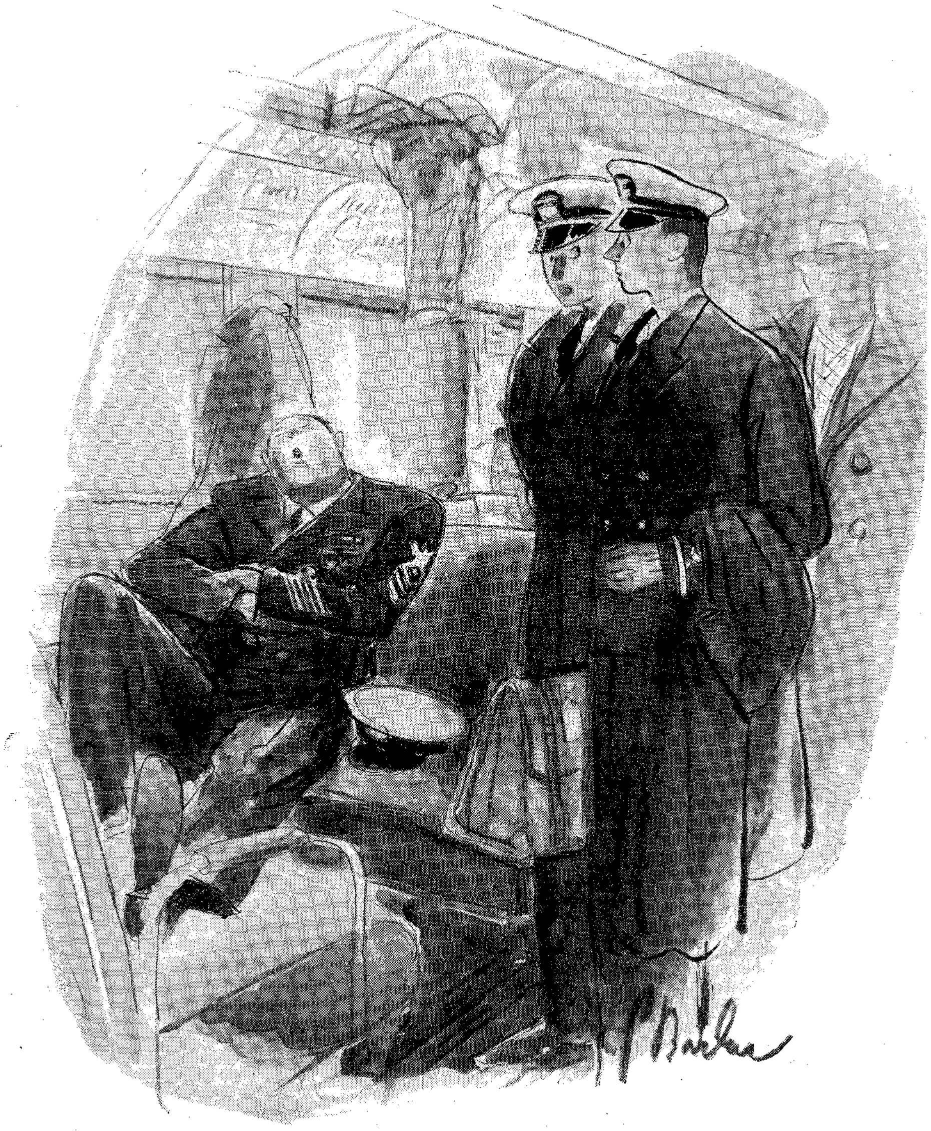
Chas Addams

Realizing that he was not hitting the ball hard enough, he began to hit it harder. But he never could get the angle right. Sometimes it would go back over his head or deflect to the right or to the left. Once it went almost straight up, a little ahead of him, but there was a wind blowing against it and as it came down it was slanting back toward Zerega, who was intently watching the net. The ball hit him squarely in the face, startling him but not shaking his confidence.

Anyway, I'd rather have seen Zerega hit himself in the face with a ball than see most players make a perfect shot. Zerega had form, he had confidence, and if he missed or dubbed a shot, he didn't swear or swing his arms. He simply got ready for the next one. He was the most interesting player on the courts. In the face of that, minor delinquencies like hitting the ball in the wrong direction or straight up hardly counted.

OUR squadron payroll was forty-three thousand dollars, and Captain Zerega was made what in the Army is called a Class A Agent, which means that he signed for the money and any shortages would have to be made up out of his own pocket. Forty-three thousand dollars, when the largest unit is a twenty-dollar bill, is a lot of money, not only in the abstract but in sheer bulk. It took three of us a couple of hours just to count it and arrange it; then our job was to put each man's pay in an envelope on which was typed his name and the amount. There were twelve hundred of these envelopes. Our system was for Major Green to call out an amount and for Captain Zerega to take the proper sum from the various piles and hand it to me for double checking. I would then hand it to a sergeant, who would place it in the proper envelope after making a third check.

The first time we worked together, Captain Zerega quickly drew the admiration of all of us for his deftness, his flair, his nimbleness of finger, and his professional bearing, all of which were those of a gambler accustomed



"He looks awfully tired, doesn't he?"

to playing the best transatlantic lanes. He would pick up about an inch of twenties, all new ones, and riffle them so quickly that the eye scarcely could follow the movement. They would snap, crackle, and purr. He would strike them edgewise against his desk so that they sounded like a block of wood. In fact, he went through all the piles of twenties and did just this to all of them, an inch at a time. He then went through the tens, which likewise were new. The fives and ones presented something of a problem, since they were old, but Zerega made even them talk beneath the fine manipulation of his fingers.

Now came the silver. First the halves. I have seen roulette dealers work in Agua Caliente, Las Vegas, and points between, always to my sorrow, but I never have seen any of them handle silver the way Zerega could. He would put his fingers around a stack of halves and string them up a foot into the air, pulling them out thin, then letting them come together again with scarcely a whisper. He could spread the stack on the desk so expertly that all intervals were exactly the same, then snap them together again so beautifully that they seemed to form a solid silver rod on the desk before him.

All this over with, in due time Captain Zerega was ready to start. The rest of us were apprehensive. I looked at Major Green and he looked at me, and something like fear was in our eyes. The sergeant looked down at the table, and from the way he swallowed and moistened his lips it was clear that he was in the same boat. We knew we never could keep up to Zerega. He would snow us under, make us look like slow, fumbling fools.

"Ready!" Captain Zerega cried.

Major Green looked at the first envelope. "Seventy-six dollars and eighty-six cents," he said.

Captain Zerega thrust his arms forward and slightly upward, as though shooting his cuffs, then got to work. He nipped off a half inch of twenties with his left hand, lifting them sharply and neatly from the pile. With the thumb and second finger of his right hand he took hold of the topmost, snapped it three times, detached it carefully from its fellows, and placed it upon the desk before him. This he repeated twice, being sure that the second bill lay exactly on top of the first and the third on top of the second. Then he put the block of twenties back on the main pile, sliced off half an inch of tens with a fine flourish, snapped and detached one, and put it on the three twenties. He did the same with a five and a one. He took a half dollar from a stack with a swift, birdlike flick, held it in a horizontal plane four inches over the bills, and let go of it. He did the same with a quarter, a dime, and a penny.

"Aha!" he said, looking around at us.

He picked up the bills, slipping them from beneath the coins, and gave them to me one by one, again snapping them to be sure there was just one each time, and adding up the sum in a staccato, aggressive voice. He counted the coins once more, announced the result, and placed them upon the bills.

"All right," he said to me, a bit curtly, I thought, "take them away." He turned to the Major. "Well, Major," he said, "that's the first one."

That left one thousand, one hundred, and ninety-nine.

By the time Captain Zerega had counted out the money for a couple of squads of men and it had become clear that this was going to take us not the allotted half day but at least a week, the Major suggested some slight change in method which might speed things up somewhat. Captain Zerega shook his head and took a firm stand.

"It's my money," he said, giving voice to a truth none of us could deny. I do not mean to say that Captain Zerega actually thought the forty-three thousand dollars was his own to do with as he pleased. But there was something to be said, I couldn't help but feel, for the idea that when a man has forty-three thousand dollars, there is no instinct which impels him to give it away as fast as he can. Anyway, he maintained his even pace, every movement a poem, his snapping of the bills alone a delight to see and to hear.

I do not know what it was that changed the Captain's mind about the whole thing. Maybe it was that when he asked how nearly done we were he was shown four boxes of envelopes yet to be filled and one eighth of a box filled. He sat back in his chair then and looked at the ramparts of coin as though he hadn't seen them before. Perhaps it was just that he was tired. Certainly he showed the strain. At any rate, his change was sudden and violent. He did not speed up. He exploded.

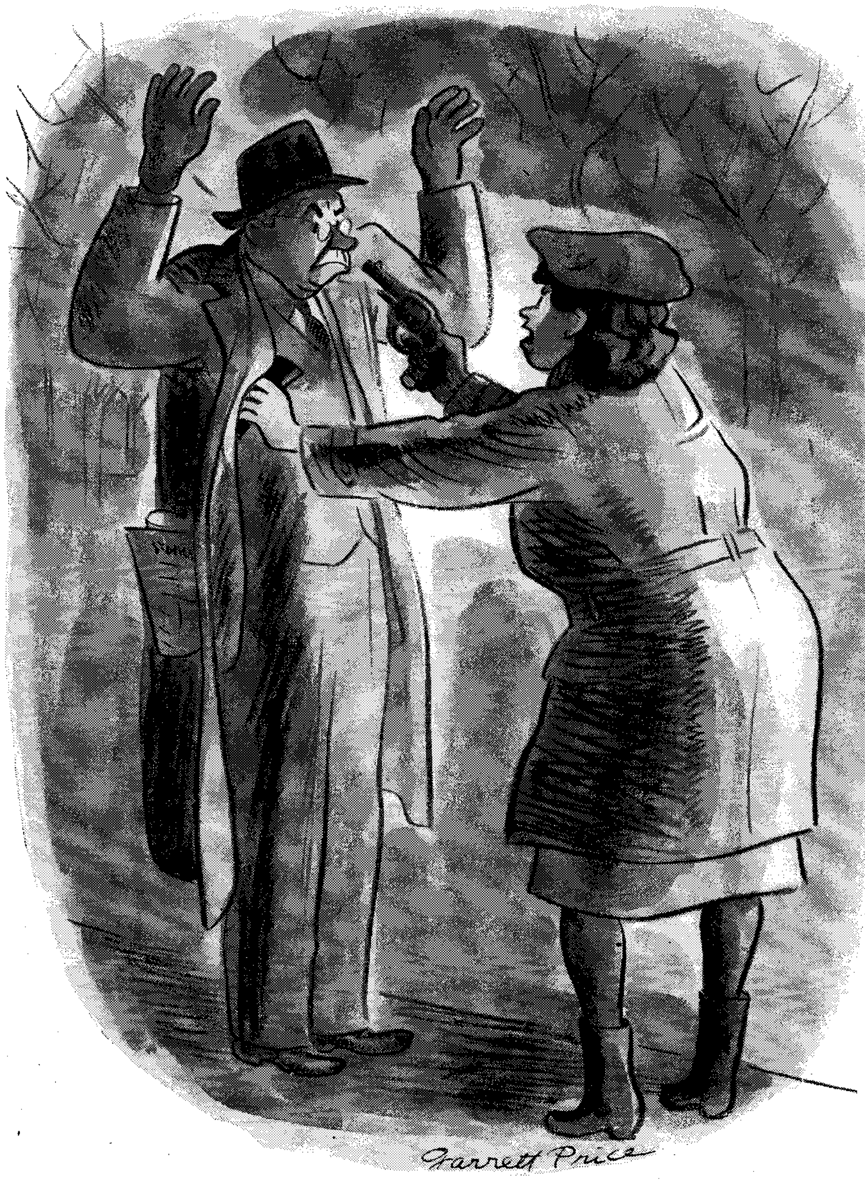
"Wait a minute," he said, stopping in the midst of a deal. He stood up, thrusting his chair backward by the sudden straightening of his short legs. He took parts of each pile of bills and placed them in a row directly in front of him. He knocked down the stacks of coins, sluicing them into rows facing the edge of the desk. He went over to another desk and came back with one of those sponges, in a glass bowl, used for moistening the fingers. He sat down.

"O.K.," he said. "Shoot."

The general effect as he went into operation was as if somebody had opened a window and let in a high wind. The air was full of money. Zerega's new system was simple. He moistened his fingers on the sponge and placed them on top of a pile of bills and slightly contracted them. A single bill stuck to them. He used a piano-playing technique, with both hands. No snapping. No examining them to see if they were counterfeit. He just dropped them into quick piles, picked them up, and jabbed them at me. The coins he slipped off the desk at incredible speed and, using a windmill motion, slammed them on the table before me, at the same time shouting the total. The whole routine was as loud, fine, and reckless as anything I've ever seen. His form was gone. The hell with the form. No grace, nothing—just sweat and dirty hands and disordered hair and speed. Indeed, sometimes he seemed all thumbs. Sometimes I found errors and shoved money back at him or called for more, and when I did this he simply shrugged and took it in stride.

We finished in what must have been a record for the course. No mistakes; all correct to the penny. Zerega slammed the final coins down before me with a crash that rocked the building. He took a cigarette from the desk and flipped it into his mouth.

"Well," he said, "another day."



"I'll bet you're just one of those men who resents seeing a woman get anywhere."

THE effect of this on Captain Zerega's volleyball game was, as the saying is, electric. The next time he went on the court he came on swinging from the heels, lambasting the ball with one fist or both, awkwardly, without grace, exactly like Tony Galento—just hitting the hell out of it, in the right direction, with fine speed and placement, from any position, even when half falling on his face, which was a good deal of the time.

The business about the money had obviously done something to him. It may have given him some larger view that changed his whole life, for all I know. Volleyball, he may have realized, was wholesale, not retail—something tremendous, in which a man must move with the times, wastefully, recklessly, powerfully, throwing away the finer points, discarding the accumulated graces and niceties of a lifetime. I don't know. It's always easy to attach too much significance to small things. The chances are that Captain Zerega simply got hot. —DONALD HOUGH

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When he wrote "A Christmas Carol," Charles Dickens probably intended it to be more like a sprig of holly, something to make gayer and more joyous the holiday season than like a sturdy oak which might withstand time. He couldn't have foreseen that his little book would become the English speaking world's greatest classic of Christmas. And he certainly could never have dreamed that some day one of those first editions, perhaps a copy which he had held carelessly in his own hand, would be owned by Dr. Irving S. Cutter, health editor of The Chicago Tribune.—*Chicago Sunday Tribune.*

You'd be surprised to know what writers dream about.

PROFILES

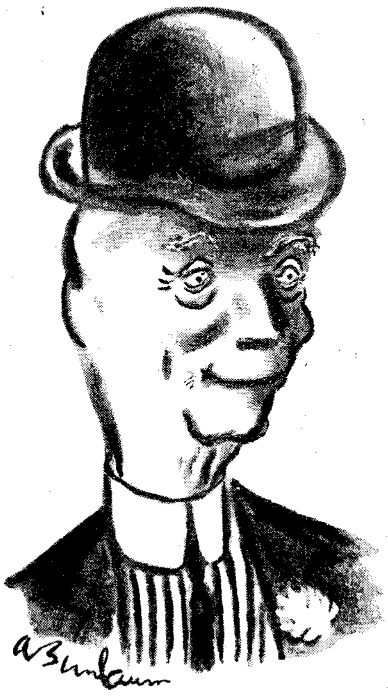
THE MAYOR OF THE FISH MARKET

A TOUGH Scotch-Irishman I know, Mr. Hugh G. Flood, a retired house-wrecking contractor, aged ninety-three, often tells people that he is dead set and determined to live until the afternoon of July 27, 1965, when he will be a hundred and fifteen years old. Mr. Flood is small and wizened, with icy-blue eyes in a red, bony face. "I don't ask much here below," he says. "I just want to hit a hundred and fifteen. That'll hold me." When I am in the Fulton Fish Market neighborhood, I always drop into the Hartford House, a drowsy waterfront hotel at 309 Pearl Street, where Mr. Flood has a room, to see if he is still alive.

Many aged people reconcile themselves to the certainty of death and become tranquil; Mr. Flood is unreconcilable. There are three reasons for this. First, he deeply enjoys living. Second, he comes of a long line of Baptists and has a nagging fear of the hereafter, complicated by the fact that the descriptions of heaven in the Bible are as forbidding to him as those of hell. "I don't really want to go to either one of those places," he says. He broods about religion and reads a chapter of the Bible practically every day. Even so, he goes to church only on Easter. On that day he has several drinks of Scotch for breakfast and then gets in a cab and goes to a Baptist church in Chelsea. For at least a week thereafter he is gloomy and silent. "I'm a God-fearing man," he says, "and I believe in Jesus Christ crucified, risen, and coming again, but one sermon a year is all I can stand." Third, he is a diet theorist—he calls himself a seafoodetarian—and feels obliged to reach a spectacular age in order to prove his theory. He is convinced that the eating of meat and vegetables shortens life and he maintains that the only sensible food for man, particularly for a man who wants to hit a hundred and fifteen, is fish.

To Mr. Flood, the flesh of finfish and shellfish is not only good to eat, it is an elixir. "When I get through tearing a lobster apart, or one of those fine West Coast octopuses," he says, "I feel like I had a drink from the fountain of youth." He eats with relish every kind of seafood, including briary sea urchins, ink squids, winkles, and barndoor skates. He especially likes an ancient Boston dish—boiled cod tongues, cheeks, and sounds, sounds being the gelatinous air bladders along the cod's backbone. The more unusual a dish, the better he likes it. It makes him feel superior to eat something that most people would edge away from. He insists, however, on the plainest of cooking. In his opinion, there are only five first-class fish restaurants in the city—Sweet's, Whyte's, and Libby's on Fulton Street, Gage & Tollner's in Brooklyn, and Lundy's in Sheepshead Bay—and even these, he says, are disinclined to let well enough alone. Consequently, he takes most of his meals in Sloppy Louie Morino's, a busy-bee on South Street frequented almost entirely by wholesale fishmongers from Fulton Market, which is across the street. Customarily, when Mr. Flood is ready for lunch, he goes to the stall of one of the big wholesalers, a friend of his, and browses among the bins for half an hour or so. Finally he picks out a fish, or an eel, or a crab, or the wing of a skate, or whatever looks best that day, buys it, carries it unwrapped to Louie's, and tells the chef precisely how he wants it cooked. Mr. Flood and the chef, an old Genoese known as Mr. John, are close friends. "I've made quite a study of fish cooks," Mr. Flood says, "and I've decided that old Italians are best. Then comes old Negroes, then old mean Yankees, and then old drunk Irishmen. They have to be old; it takes almost a lifetime to learn how to do a thing simply. Even the stove has to be old. If the cook is an awful drunk, so much the better. I don't think a teetotaler could cook a fish. If he was a mean teetotaler, he might. Women can make a chowder, but *damn* a chowder!"

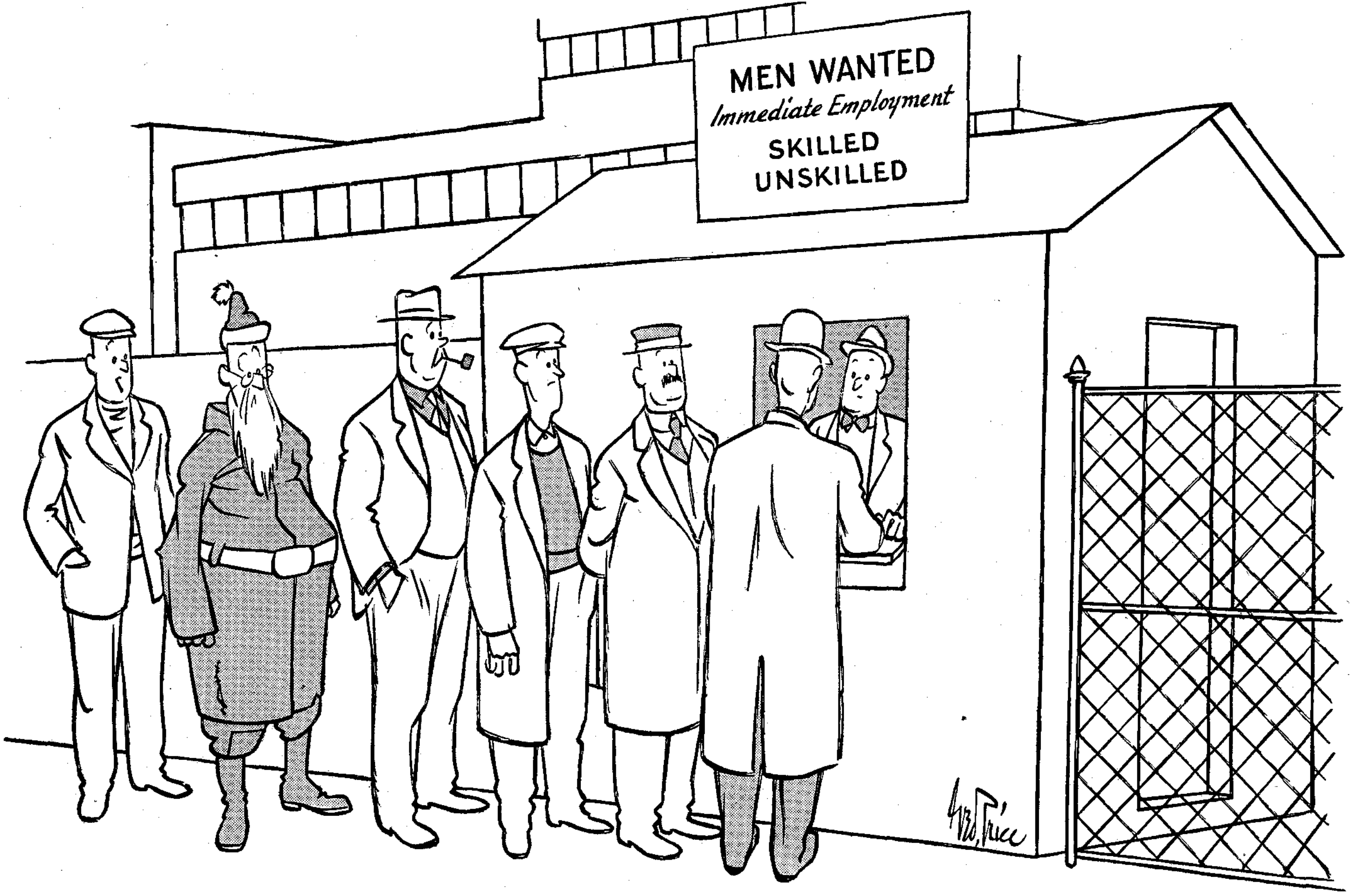
Mr. Flood's attitude toward seafood is not altogether mystical. "Fish," he says, "is the only grub left that the scientists haven't been able to get their hands on and improve. The flounder you eat today hasn't got any more damned vitamins in it than the flounder your great-great-granddaddy ate, and it tastes the same. Everything else has been improved *and* improved *and* improved to such an extent it ain't fit to eat. Consider the egg. When I was a boy on Staten Island, hens ate grit and grasshoppers and scraps from the table and whatever they could scratch out of the ground, and a platter of scrambled



Hugh G. Flood

eggs was a delight. Then the scientists developed a special egg-laying mash made of old corncobs and sterilized buttermilk, and nowadays you order scrambled eggs and you get a platter of yellow glue, Grade A. Consider the apple. Years ago you could enjoy an apple. Then the scientists took hold and invented chemical fertilizers especially for apple trees, and apples got big and red and shiny and beautiful and absolutely tasteless. Might as well chew the brim of your hat. As for vegetables, vegetables have been improved until they're downright poisonous. Two-thirds of the population has the stomach jumps, and no wonder." Except for sauces and bread and butter, Mr. Flood himself has seldom eaten anything but fish since 1885 and he is in sound shape. For a man past ninety who worked hard in the wet and the wind from boyhood until the age of eighty, he is, in fact, a phenomenon; he has his own teeth, he hears all right, he doesn't wear glasses, his mind rarely wanders, and his appetite is so good that immediately after lunch he begins speculating about what he will have for dinner. He walks cautiously and a little feebly, it is true, but without a stick unless there is snow on the sidewalks. Mr. Flood's appearance is old-fashioned and rather splendid. He favors high, stiff collars, candy-striped shirts, serge suits, and a derby. He often wears a flower. A solid-silver watch chain hangs across his vest.

Mr. Flood fears doctors and never goes near one. He passes many evenings in a comfortable old spindle-back



chair in the barroom of the Hartford House, drinking Scotch and tap water and arguing, and sometimes late at night he unaccountably switches to brandy and wakes up next morning with an overwhelming hangover—what he calls a katzenjammer. On these occasions he goes over to S. A. Brown's, at 28 Fulton Street, a highly aromatic little drugstore which was opened during President Thomas Jefferson's second term and which specializes in outfitting medicine chests for fishing boats, and buys a bottle of Dr. Brown's Next Morning, a proprietary greatly respected in the fish market. For all other ailments, physical or mental, he eats raw oysters. Once, in the Hartford barroom, a trembly fellow in his seventies, another tenant of the hotel, turned to Mr. Flood and said, "Flood, I had a cussed damned birthday last week. I'm getting on. I'm not long for this world."

Mr. Flood snorted angrily. "Well, be Jesus, *I* am," he said. "I just got started."

The trembly fellow sighed and said, "I'm all out of whack. I'm going uptown and see my doctor."

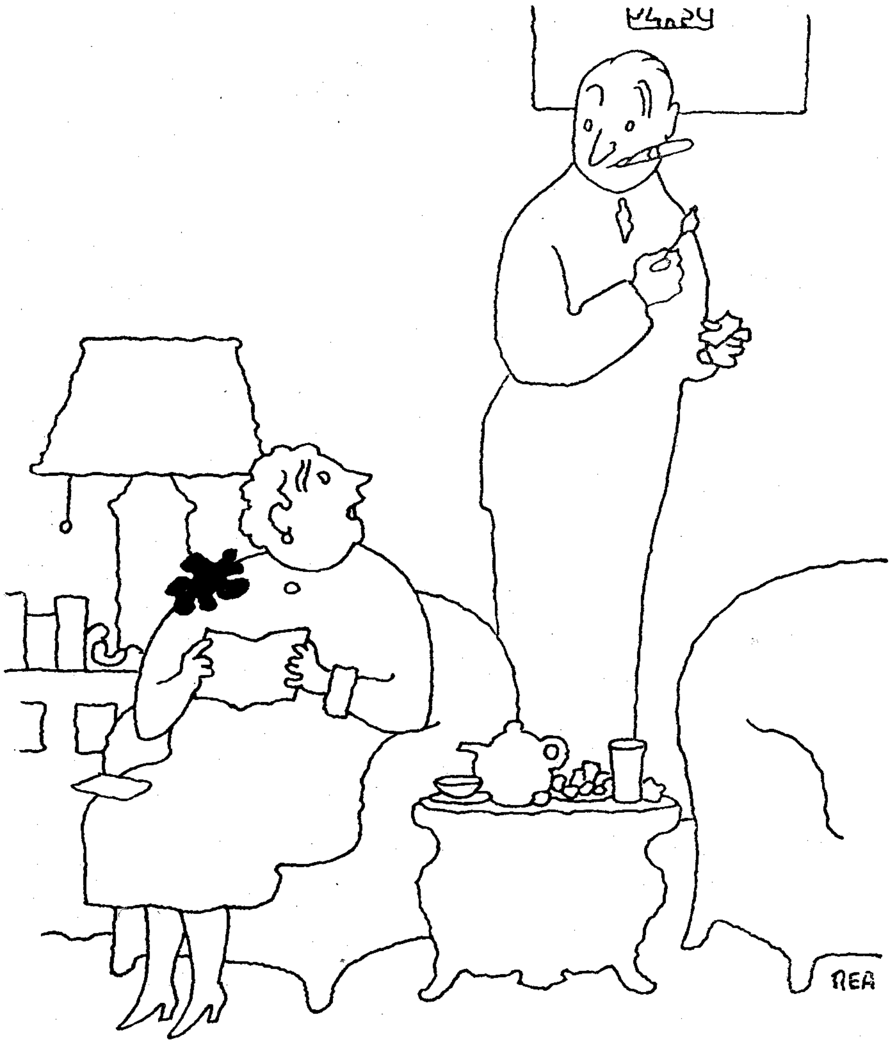
Mr. Flood snorted again. "Oh, shut up," he said. "Damn your doctor! I tell you what you do. You get right out of here and go over to Libby's oyster house and tell the man you want to eat some of his big oysters. Don't sit down. Stand up at that fine marble bar they got over there, where you can watch the man knife them open. And tell him you intend to drink the oyster liquor; he'll knife them on the cup shell, so the liquor won't spill. And be sure you get the big ones. Get them so big you'll have to rear back to swallow, the size that most restaurants use for fries and stews; God forgive them, they don't know any better. Ask for Robbins Islands, Mattitucks, Cape Cods, or Saddle Rocks. And don't put any of that red sauce on them, that cocktail sauce, that mess, that gurry. Ask the man for half a lemon, poke it a time or two to free the juice, and squeeze it over the oysters. And the first one he knifes, pick it up and smell it, the way you'd smell a rose, or a shot of brandy. That briny, seaweedy fragrance will clear your head; it'll make your blood run faster. And don't eat six; take your time and eat a dozen, eat two dozen, eat three dozen, eat four dozen. And then tip the man a quarter and buy yourself a fifty-cent cigar and put your hat on the side of your head and take a walk down to Bowling Green. Look at the sky! Isn't it blue? And look at the girls a-tap-tap-tapping past on their pretty little feet! Aren't they just the finest girls you ever saw, the bounciest, the rumpiest, the laughingest? Aren't you ashamed of yourself for even thinking about spending good money on a damned doctor? And along about here, you better be careful. You're apt to feel so bucked-up you'll slap strangers on the back, or kick a window in, or fight a cop, or jump on the tailboard of a truck and steal a ride."

Mr. Flood sold his house-wrecking business, the H. G. Flood Demolition & Salvage Co., Inc., a prosperous enterprise, in 1930, when he was eighty. A year and a half later, Mrs. Flood, his second wife, died. Directly after the funeral he gave up his apartment in Chelsea, put his furniture in storage, and moved into the Hartford, a hotel he had known and admired for many years as a truly peaceful place. "I was sadly in need of peace and quiet when I moved into here," he once said. "I had a saintly wife, God rest her. She was opposed to anything and everything in the line of fun. Use to, when I showed up with a load on, she'd persecute me. She never offered to hit me. She just stood in the door with her head throwed back and howled. She used both lungs and it didn't seem possible for all that racket to come out of one human mouth. Some nights I was afraid my eardrums wouldn't stand the strain. Once I said to her, 'Mary, dear, I'm thankful to God you ain't a drinking woman. If you can make that much noise cold sober, just think what you could do on a little gin.' "

The Hartford is a for-men-only establishment on the southwest corner of Pearl and Ferry Streets, down in the old city. The fish market is a couple of blocks to the south of it, and The Swamp, the tannery district, is one block north. Rooms run from three-fifty to four-fifty a week. Mr. Flood took one of the four-fifty rooms, and he has been happy in it. "You take an old retired widower crock like me," he says, "the perfect place for him is some back-alley hotel where he can be among his own kind, the rough element. I've got a married daughter by my first wife, and she begged me to go live with her. Praise the Lord I didn't! Like I said to her, 'Louise, in a month you'd hate the sight of me, and vice versa. You couldn't help it. That's nature. You'd be wanting me to die and get out of the way, and I'd probably go ahead and die, just to be accommodating.' " Mr. Flood is well off and could undoubtedly afford the Waldorf-Astoria, but newness depresses him. Like most old people, he feels best when he is around things that have lasted a long time. The Hartford is the oldest hotel in continuous operation in the city, and it just suits him. It was opened in 1836 as the Pearl Street House; the name was changed in the late sixties, when steamboats from Hartford and other New England ports docked nearby in Peck Slip. It is a shoebox-shaped building of five stories, it is surrounded by factories and hide and spice warehouses, and at night the friendly light in its combined lobby, barroom, and dining room is the only light that can be seen for blocks around. A flower-basket design is cut in the thick glass of the front door, across from the bar is a row of rickety spindlebacks, the bill of fare is scribbled in chalk on a big slate on the dining-room wall, and at the foot of the stairs is an oak rack on which the tenants hook their keys when they come down in the morning. The keys are heavy and each is attached to a brass fob nearly the size of a saucer. There is no elevator. On the back-bar shelf are several photographs of the hotel. One, taken in 1901, shows Buffalo Bill and some Indians in fringed buckskins eating lobsters at a family table in the dining room. Around the margin, in a crabbed hand, someone has written, "Col. Buffalo Bill and 1 doz. red Indians just off the Boston boat, stayed three days, big eaters, lobster every meal, up all night, took the place."

The Hartford has about forty-five tenants right now, most of them elderly mariners who have retired on their savings or been pensioned off. Six were freighter officers, four were Hudson River bargemen, two worked on scallop dredges, one owned a pair of harbor tugs, and one was captain of a steam trawler in the George's Bank ground-fish fleet. A few are grim and withdrawn and still unused to idleness after years of it. These stay quietly in their rooms much of the time. About a dozen are beery and wildly imaginative mythomaniacs, and Mr. Flood is often in their company. These get up at dawn, bustle downstairs to the barroom, and start talking big during breakfast; at closing time, around midnight, they are still there talking big. Before the bartender goes home, he usually has to help two or three of them up the stairs and put them to bed; he considers this one of his duties. Some are cranks, but the proprietor, Mrs. James Donald, a handsome woman of Huguenot ancestry whose family has owned the place for fifty years, does not mind that. She says she has noticed that day in and day out it is easier to do business with a cranky man than with a merry one. Mr. Flood is one of her favorites. She calls him the Mayor of the Fish Market. Once, after an argument with him about the right way to skin an eel, she said admiringly, "Except a donkey in the funny paper, there's nothing so contrary as an old, old man with money in the bank."

Mr. Flood's room is on the top floor. Its furnishings remind him pleasantly of years gone by; there is a brass bed, a washstand with pitcher and bowl, a wicker rocking chair, and a marble-



"From what the poor boy says, his sergeant's in one of his caustic moods again."

top table. "The furniture in here goes back about as far as I do," he said one day. He has decorated one wall with a set of cardboard posters designed for display in retail fish stores, which he picked up in the office of the Fishery Council, the market's chamber of commerce. Among them are the following:

> CRABS FROM THE BAY
> ARE A TREAT ANY DAY.
>
> FRESH MACKEREL IS IN SEASON
> AT A COST WITHIN REASON.
>
> BE OF GOOD CHEER
> OYSTERS R HERE.

On another wall, just above the head of the bed, Mr. Flood has tacked up a map of Staten Island. He was born there. Once I asked him a question about his youth. He frowned and said, "My boy, I like to talk, but I don't like to talk about my past. It makes me feel like an old biddy." On another occasion, however, he said, "I'm a third-generation Staten Islander. I'm from Pleasant Plains, a village near Tottenville, down on the southern tip. My grandfather and my father before me were carpenters. I had an uncle in Brooklyn who was a general contractor—dwellings and small factories—and I went to work for him when I was a boy. Let me give you some advice: never work for your own flesh and blood. My uncle was a big-hearted man. Once I saw him chip in with a five-dollar bill to assist the family of a poor fellow who had been his bookkeeper for thirty-five years and died without funeral money. I worked for him I think it was sixteen years and then I got wise to myself and quit and became a house-wrecking contractor. I think I got into that line out of spite."

Mr. Flood's room has one window, and from it, looking south, he can see the gilded bluefish on the weathervane atop the great gray shed of the Fulton Market Fishmongers Association, a sight of which he is fond. Mr. Flood is tidy about his person; he goes to the barber every day, he keeps his suits pressed, and his derby is seldom dusty. His room, however, is extraordinarily untidy. He rarely lets the maid clean it. Above the washstand hangs a water-splotched calendar for 1932 on which the month pad, even the leaf for January, is still intact. On the marble-top table are two bushel baskets of marine shells and cuttlebones. He is a shell collector. His most prized possession is a group of freshwater mussel shells. They were given to him by a wholesale carp dealer in Peck Slip who got them, on a buying trip, from some Tennessee River carp fishermen who dredge mussels for the pearl-button trade as a sideline. Mr. Flood has shells of nine species, and each has, in addition to its Latin name, a name that is used in the trade. "I've got a pig toe, a pistol grip, a heel splitter, a warty back, a maple leaf, a monkey face, a rose bud, a rabbit's foot, and a butterfly," he says with pride. "And all I need to complete my collection is a washboard, a lady finger, and a mule ear." The floor around Mr. Flood's rocking chair is always cluttered. Scattered every which way about it the last time I visited him were a wooden shrimp scoop that he knocks his cigar ashes into, a kind of fish knife known as a ripper, a whiskbroom, a Bible, two volumes of Mark Twain (he owns a ten-volume, large-type set), a scrapbook filled with yellowing clippings of Heywood Broun's column, and a copy of the *War Cry*, the magazine that Salvation Army women hawk on street corners. Twain and Broun are Mr. Flood's favorite writers. "If I get to heaven," he once said, "the first Saturday night I'm there, if it's O. K. with the management, I'm going to get hold of a bottle of good whiskey and look up Mr. Twain and Mr. Broun. And if they're not up there, be Jesus, I'll ask to be sent to the other place." A moment later he added uneasily, "Of course, I don't really mean that. I'm just talking to hear myself talk."

Mr. Flood visits the fish market every weekday morning. He rises at five, has a cup of black tea in the Hartford dining room, lights a cigar, and begins a leisurely tour of the fish stalls, the oyster sheds, the flounder-filleting houses, the smoking lofts, and the piers. When he reaches Fulton Street, the pandemonium in the market invigorates him. He throws his shoulders back, sniffs the salty air, and rubs his palms together. To him, the reek of the fish houses is not unpleasant. "I'll tell you a valuable secret," he once said. "The Fulton Fish Market smell will cure a cold within ten minutes. Nobody that works in the market ever has a cold. They don't know what a cold is. The fishmongers are afraid the general public will find this out. It's too crowded around here as it is, and if the public took to coming down here to cure their colds there wouldn't be room enough to turn around in." When making his tour, he dresses like a boss fishmonger, wearing a full-length white apron and knee-high rubber boots. The streets down there, as well as the floors of the stalls, are constantly being hosed down, and he believes in heeding the old market proverb, "Keep your feet dry and you'll never die." He goes first to the piers and looks on as the trawlers, draggers, and scallop dredges are unloaded, asking scores of questions and getting in everybody's way. The fishermen treat him with respect. They don't know just who he is but take it for granted that he is an official of some kind. They call him Pop or Commissioner. One morning I was standing on the Fulton Street pier with Edmond Irwin, supervisor of the Fishery Council, when Mr. Flood came poking along. He looked down into an unloading trawler from New Bedford and yelled, "Hey, Captain, step over here!" The captain stopped what he was doing, obediently crossed his deck, and peered up at Mr. Flood, who asked, "What you got today, Captain?"

OUT OF TOWN PAPERS

"Nothing to speak of, sir," the captain said. "Just a load of flounders—blackbacks and yellowtails."

"Fine, fine, Captain," said Mr. Flood. "You got enough filly of sole in that load for five thousand dinners. Where'd you go this trip?"

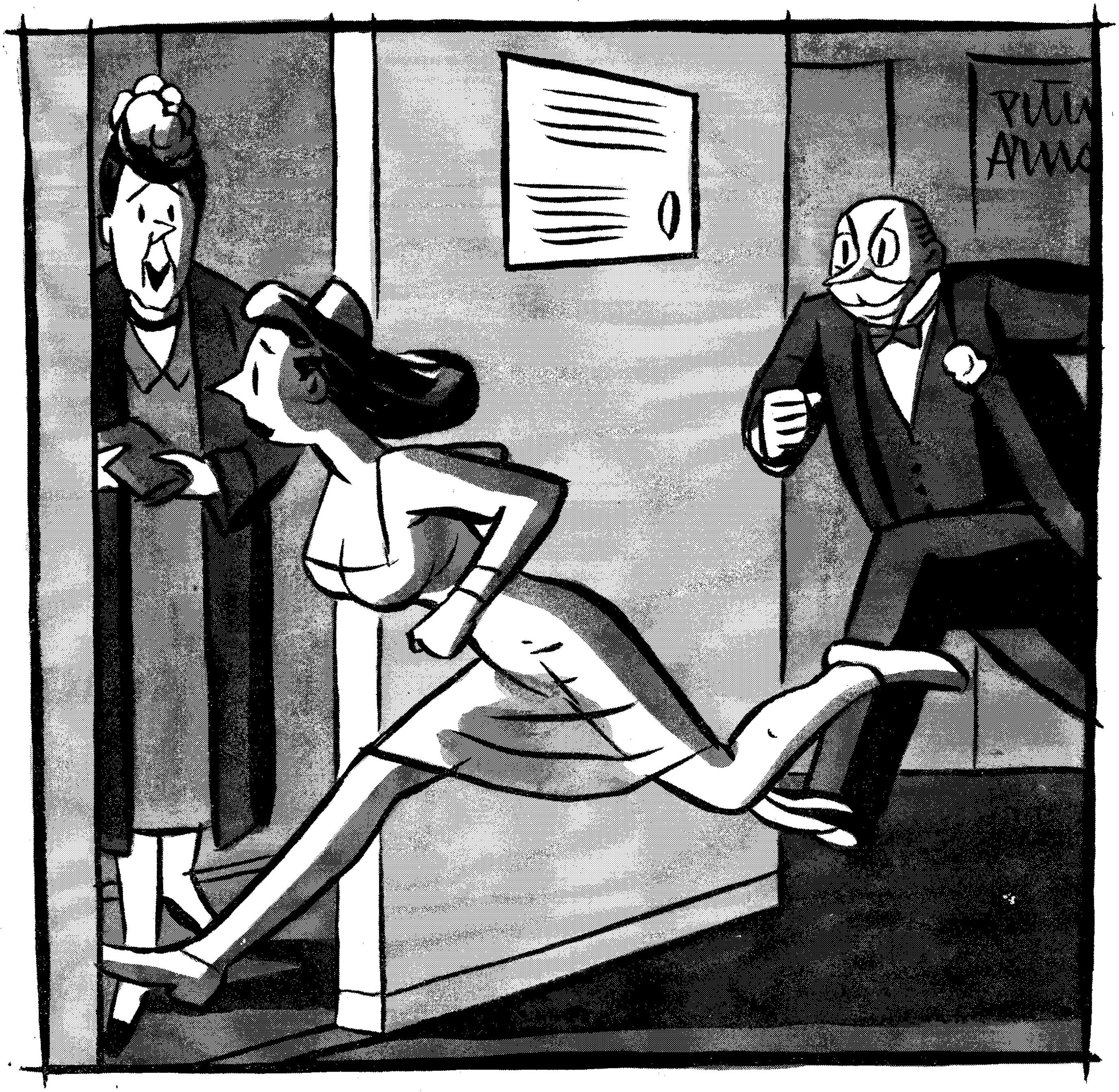
"We was up north of Brown's Bank."

"Up in The Gully?"

"That's right. We was up in The Gully."

"Fine, fine, Captain!" said Mr. Flood, beaming and rubbing his hands. "That's just fine!"

Mr. Flood moved on down the pier. The captain stared after him for a moment, obviously puzzled, and then turned to Mr. Irwin and said, "Ed, who in hell is that man, anyway? Does he work for the government, or what?"



"My goodness! The doctor certainly keeps you on the go!"

* * *

"It's hard to say," Mr. Irwin said. "All I know he's an old boy who's trying to live to be a hundred and fifteen years old by eating fish."

"God bless us!" said the captain. "How far along is he?"

"He's way past ninety," Mr. Irwin said.

"I declare to Jesus!" the captain said. "Well, we live and learn. Maybe I ought to start eating fish."

After Mr. Flood has inspected the boats, he steps into one of the filleting houses on South Street and helps himself to a bucket of gurry, or fish scraps, with which to feed some one-legged gulls that he has adopted. The fish market supports a flock of four hundred gulls and at least fifty of them are one-legged. "This condition," Mr. Flood says, "is due to the fact that sea gulls don't understand traffic lights. There's a stretch of South Street running through the market that's paved with cobblestones. And every so often during the morning rush a fish drops off a truck and is ground up by the wheels and packed down tight into the cracks between the cobbles. The gulls go wild when they see this. They wait until traffic gets halted by a red light, then drop out of the sky like bats out of hell and try to pull and worry the fish from between the cobbles. They're stubborn beasts. They get so interested they don't notice when the light changes and all of a sudden, wham bang, the heavy truck traffic is right on top of them. Some get killed outright. Some get broken wings and flop off and hide somewhere and starve to death, the poor things. Those that lose only one leg are able to keep going, but the other gulls peck them and treat them as outcasts, and they have a hard, hard time." The gimpy gulls are extremely distrustful, but Mr. Flood has been able to make friends with about two dozen of them. When he strides onto a pier toting a bucket of gurry they circle down, making woeful, self-pitying cries, and surround him. A few will eat from his hands.

Mr. Flood finishes feeding his gulls around seven-thirty. Then he is ready for his first drink of the day. He is opposed to drinking alone—he says it leads to the mumbles—so he proceeds along South Street, hunting for company. He often goes to the freshwater branch of the market, in Peck Slip, and invites Mrs. Birdy Treppel, a veteran fishwife, to step into a bar and grill near her stand and have one. "I *do* need a little something," she usually says, "to thaw me out." Mr. Flood and Mrs. Treppel are old friends. She fascinates him because she is always cold. Mrs. Treppel specializes in pike, carp, buffaloes, red horses, and sturgeon, and her stand, a one-bin affair, half on the sidewalk and half in the gutter, is in Peck Slip, just below Water Street, right in the path of the wind from the harbor. "I am beautifully situated," she says, "on the corner of Influenza Street and Pneumonia Slip." In the wintertime, Mrs. Treppel lets an assistant handle the bulk of her trade, while she keeps a fire leaping in an old oil drum beside her stand, feeding it with barrel staves and discarded fish boxes. She says that it doesn't do much good. She hovers near the fire, shivering, with her arms in her apron, which she rolls up and uses as a muff. She has a nervous habit of hopping up and down and stamping her feet. She does this in the heat of summer as well as in the winter; she can't seem to stop. She appears to be unusually corpulent, but she says that this is misleading. "I'm really a thin little thing, nothing but skin and bones," she says, "but I got on twelve layers of clothes—thirteen, counting my shimmy. If you was to see me undressed, you wouldn't know me." One morning I was going through the market with Mr. Flood. We paused beside Mrs. Treppel's fire and he said, "Birdy, tell the man how cold it gets in Peck Slip." "Well, son, I tell you," she said, hopping up and down as she talked, "if you went up to the North Pole in the dead of December and stripped to the drawers and picked out the biggest iceberg up there and dug a hole right down to the heart of it and crawled in that hole and put a handful of snow under each arm and sat on a block of ice and et a dish of ice cream, why, you wouldn't be nowhere near as cold as you'd be in Peck Slip in a sheepskin coat with a box fire in the gutter."

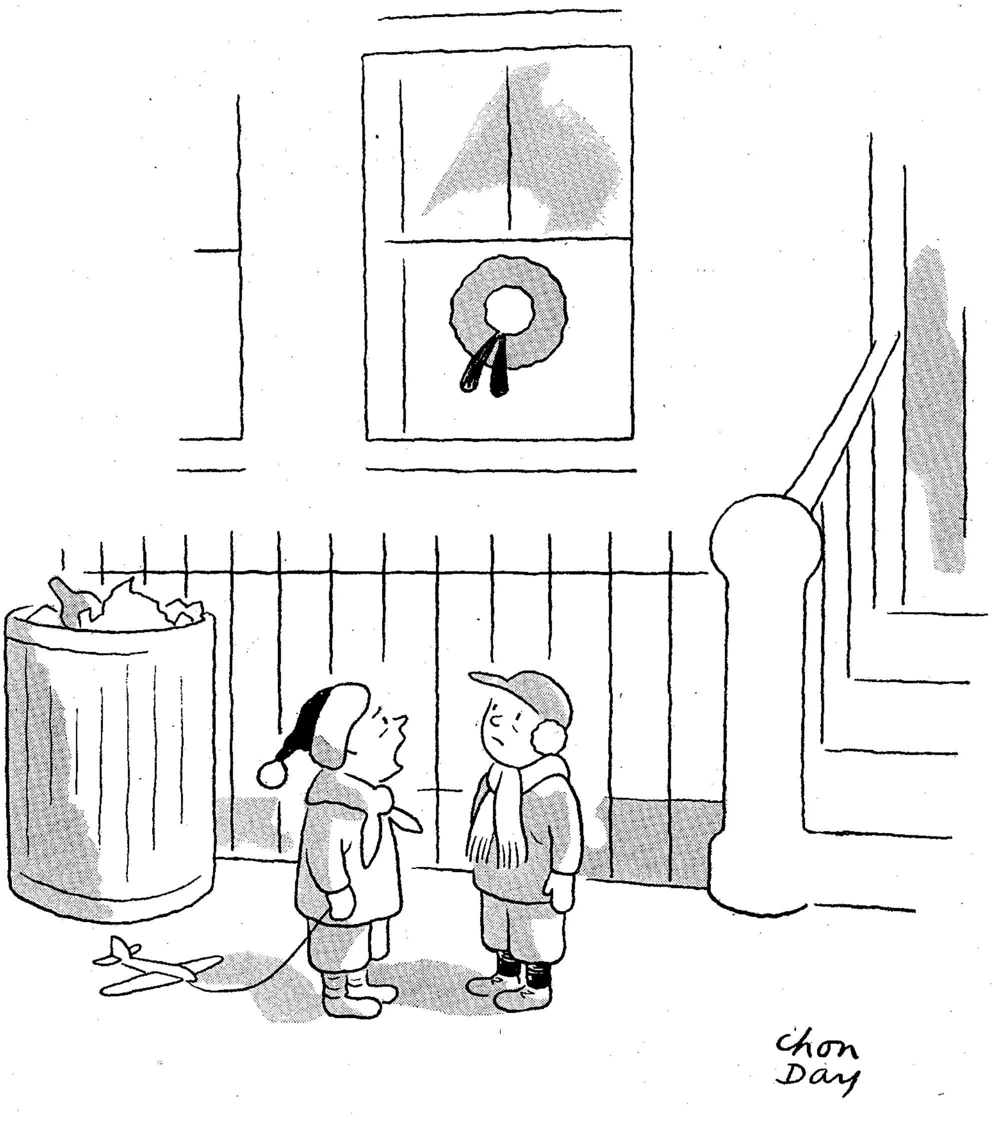
Another fish-market notable with whom Mr. Flood occasionally takes a first-today drink is Mr. Ah Got Um, a high-spirited Savannah Negro who operates a retail fish store on Lenox Avenue and who attends the market two mornings a week to do his buying. If he feels good, he chants as he walks through the stalls:

"Ah got pompanos!
Ah got buffaloes!
Ah got these!
Ah got those!
Ah got um!
Ah got um!
Ah'm the ah-got-um man!"

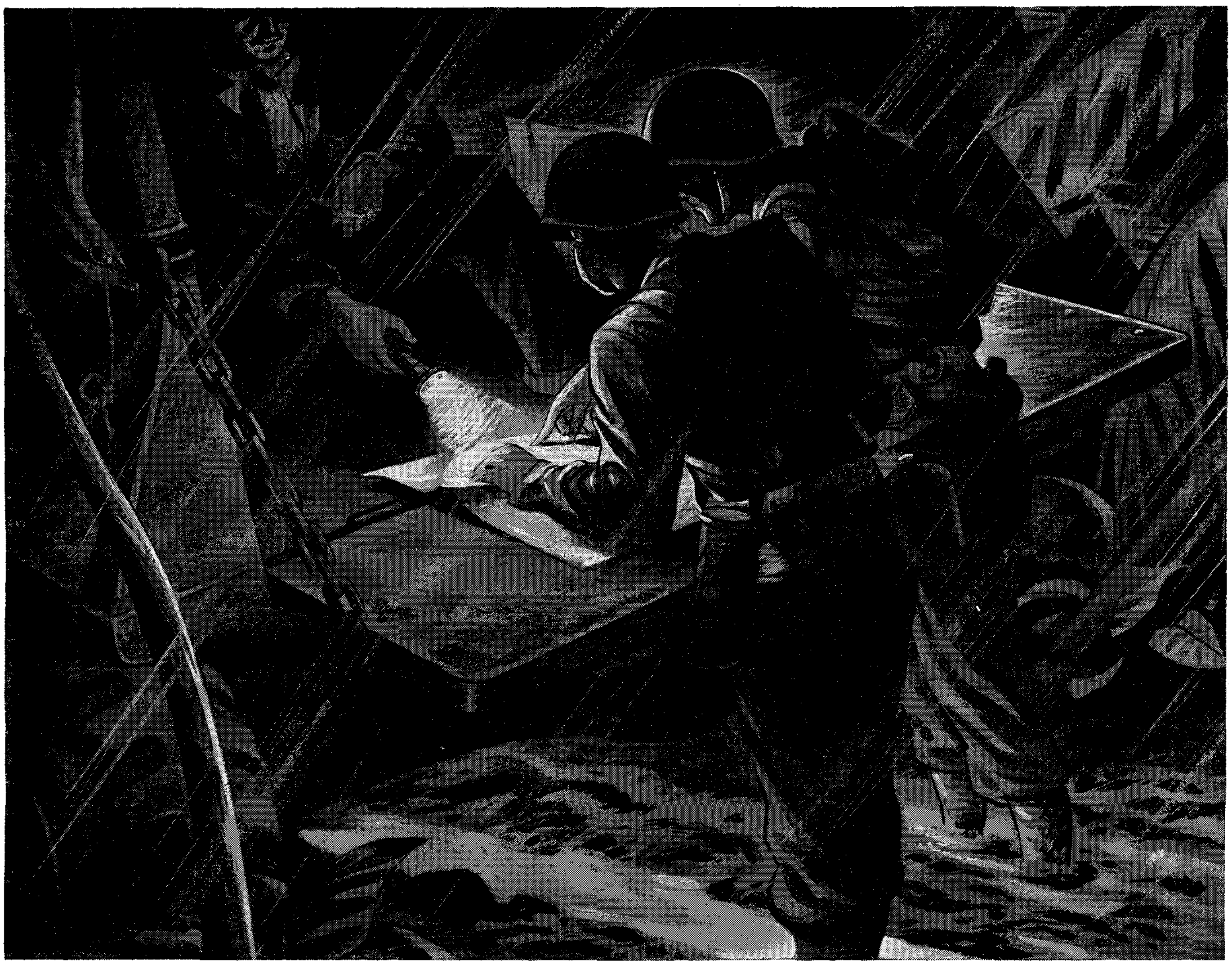
AROUND eleven o'clock, Mr. Flood shows up for lunch at Sloppy Louie's. The last time I visited him, we had lunch together. He had decided on a middling-sized red snapper that day, and while the chef was broiling it we sat at a table up front, talking. A young fishmonger in an Army uniform, on furlough and looking up his colleagues in the market, came in. Mr. Flood hadn't seen him in a year or so. "Why, hello, Pop," the soldier said. "Are *you* still alive?" Mr. Flood's face fell. "Look here, son," he said. "That's a rather personal question." He became gloomy and didn't say anything for a while. When the chef brought his fish in, however, he started talking again. "You're damned right I'm still alive," he said, opening his fish and deftly removing its spine and fin bones. "Fact of the matter is, I feel the best I've felt in years. I et four dozen oysters last night and I felt so good I almost had an oyster fit." He stared at me for a moment. "Did you ever see anybody have an oyster fit?" he asked.

"No, sir," I said.

"My boy," Mr. Flood said, "people who are unaccustomed to oysters sometimes behave real queer after putting away a few dozen. I've witnessed many seizures of this nature. I'll tell you about one. My daughter Louise lives up in South Norwalk, Connecticut, and I visit her once a year, the first week in September, when the oysters come back in season. I've got a good friend in



"What did you get that wasn't cardboard?"



SURVIVAL

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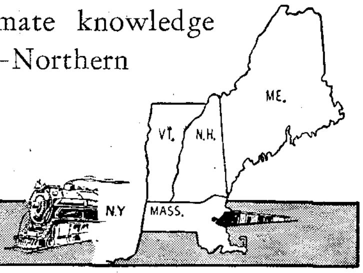

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South Norwalk, Mr. Drew Radel, president of the Andrew Radel Oyster Company. Drew owns twenty-two thousand acres of oyster beds in the Sound and he produces the biggest oyster in the United States, the Robbins Island. Some get as big as omelettes. His main dock is located on the Norwalk River, and when I'm visiting my daughter I walk down there every day and Drew and I sit around and talk and eat oysters.

"Well, back in September, 1934, during the depression, Drew and I were on the dock, talking, and up walked three fellows said they were from Brooklyn. They took off their hats and asked for deckhand jobs on one of Drew's dredge boats. They were weevily fellows, pale, stoop-shouldered, and clerky-looking, three runts, no life in them at all. I don't believe a one of them had cracked a smile in months. Drew took pity on them and hired them. And before they went out to bring in a load of oysters, he took the captain aside and told him to let those Brooklyn boys eat all the oysters they could hold as soon as the dredge got out on the beds. 'Let them stuff themselves,' Drew said. 'It might possibly put some life into them.'

"Well, when the dredge came back the first time, I noticed that those Brooklyn boys were whistling. Late in the afternoon, Drew and I were sitting in his office on the dock when the dredge came back the second time. Shortly after it tied up, I heard a hullabaloo on the dock and I went to the window. Those Brooklyn boys were laughing and singing and wrestling and throwing each other's hats in the water. They were flinging themselves head over heels. The air was full of Brooklyn boys. One picked up a tin bucket and began to bang on it with a stick—a-rumpatiddy-rumpatiddy-rump-a-tump. He marched up the dock, drumming on the bucket and yodelling, stepping high, a regular one-man band. Another one turned a double somerset and stood on his head right on the edge of the dock. He got up, shook himself, and began to sing a song called

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Curtain 8:15 and 2:15 Sharp
44TH ST. THEA. Every Eve. Except Mon.—Mats. Wed. & Sat. — No Mail Orders Accepted

Engagement ends Saturday Evg., January 8th
ROLAND YOUNG MARGARET LINDSAY
ANOTHER LOVE STORY
A New Comedy by FREDERICK LONSDALE
FULTON Theatre, 46th St. W. of B'way
Evgs. 8:40, Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40

Josephine HULL Effie SHANNON
in ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
3rd YEAR!
"A violently funny and batty murder play." —Time Magazine
HUDSON Theatre, W. 44 St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

LAST 2 WEEKS
MICHAEL TODD presents
ETHEL MERMAN in
SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS
Staged by HASSARD SHORT
Book by HERBERT AND DOROTHY FIELDS
COLE PORTER SONGS
ALVIN, West 52nd St., Mats. Wednesday & Saturday

GEORGE ABBOTT'S FUNNIEST
COMEDY HIT
KISS and TELL
NEW YORK BILTMORE THEATRE with Jessie ROYCE LANDIS · Robert KEITH · Joan CAULFIELD
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Written by F. Hugh Herbert. *Directed by* Mr. Abbott

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A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
GALA STAGE SHOW ● SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
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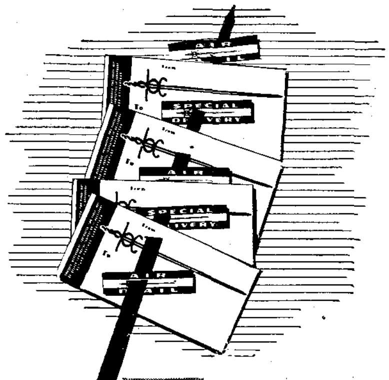

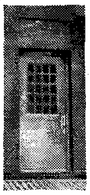

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WE BUY
Rods, reels, golf balls and clubs, roller and ice skates—if in good condition.
Alex Taylor & Co. Inc.
ATHLETIC OUTFITTERS
Taylor Building 22 E. 42nd St., New York

'Tiptoe Through the Tulips with Me.' 'Uh-oh!' I said to Drew. 'The oysters have caught up with them.'

"In a little while they came trooping into Drew's office, whistling. Drew was dictating an important letter and he frowned at them. 'Boys,' he said, 'what in hell do you want in here?' One of them, the littlest, snickered and said, 'We want to throw you off the dock.' 'At the present moment,' Drew said, 'I'm far too busy. You'll have to excuse me.' 'Well, then,' this fellow said, 'we'll box you.' Drew told them he didn't have time right then to do any boxing, and this fellow said, 'In that case, we'll go up the street and find somebody else to box. Will that be all right?' 'Why, yes indeed,' Drew said, 'that'll be all right.' In about half an hour the phone rang and I answered it. It was the sergeant at the police station in South Norwalk, and he said he'd just locked up two men who claimed they worked for the Radel Company. 'That's funny,' I said. 'There should be three of them.' 'Hold the phone a minute,' the sergeant said. 'There's a dreadful racket out in the street.' I held the phone and presently the sergeant came back. 'Everything's O.K.,' he said. 'They're bringing the third man in now, and it's taking four patrolmen, three detectives, and a couple of civilians to do it.'"

Mr. Flood cackled. "Drew and I were so proud of those Brooklyn boys," he said, "we went right over and bailed them out." —JOSEPH MITCHELL

•

We must remember that overcrowding was characteristic of the age. Well-to-do people thought little of sleeping one or two in a bed.—*From "Eighteenth-Century London Life," by Rosamond Bayne-Powell.*

The breezy old eighteenth century!

•

Directly after completing "Swing Shift Maisie," Miss Sothern stepped into a leading role in Metro's "Cry 'Havoc,'" a gripping story of 13 volunteer nurses isolated in the midst of the Japanese advance at the Astor Theatre.—*The Journal-American.*

The home front is getting quite active.

•

DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*From the Sun*]

New York—Do war vessels have any special rights over pleasure craft? L.M.E.

Answer—Strictly speaking, war vessels have no special rights. However, motor boats or other pleasure craft should not attempt to force their right-of-way on them for obvious reasons.

THE WEDGWOOD ROOM
AT DINNER AND SUPPER
XAVIER CUGAT
his Orchestra
and Choir
★
MISCHA BORR
and his Orchestra
★
AT SUPPER
ANNAMARY DICKEY
★
ROUDENKO & ZORITCH
★
COVER FROM 10:30, $2
★
SUNDAY DINNER-DANCE-NO COVER
MISCHA BORR
and his Orchestra
★
THE WALDORF-ASTORIA

Delbert clops to the train,
crabbing "Breakfast's just a sham!"
And Bill waltzes down,
singing "I've had HAM!"

Ah-h-h . . . breakfast in which the smoked, smacking goodness of Smithfield Ham is topping off your eggs! Your scrambled eggs, your omelettes can be given a delicious meaty sparkle with AMBER BRAND DEVILED SMITHFIELD HAM. Smart meat-shoppers are using this Southern delicacy in dozens of ways . . . and saving coupons, too!

FREE RECIPE BOOKLET A-12
Send postcard for your copy. Smithfield Ham & Products Co., Smithfield, Va.

AMBER BRAND
DEVILED
Smithfield Ham

AMBER BRAND
Deviled
SMITHFIELD HAM
CARRIES YOU BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY

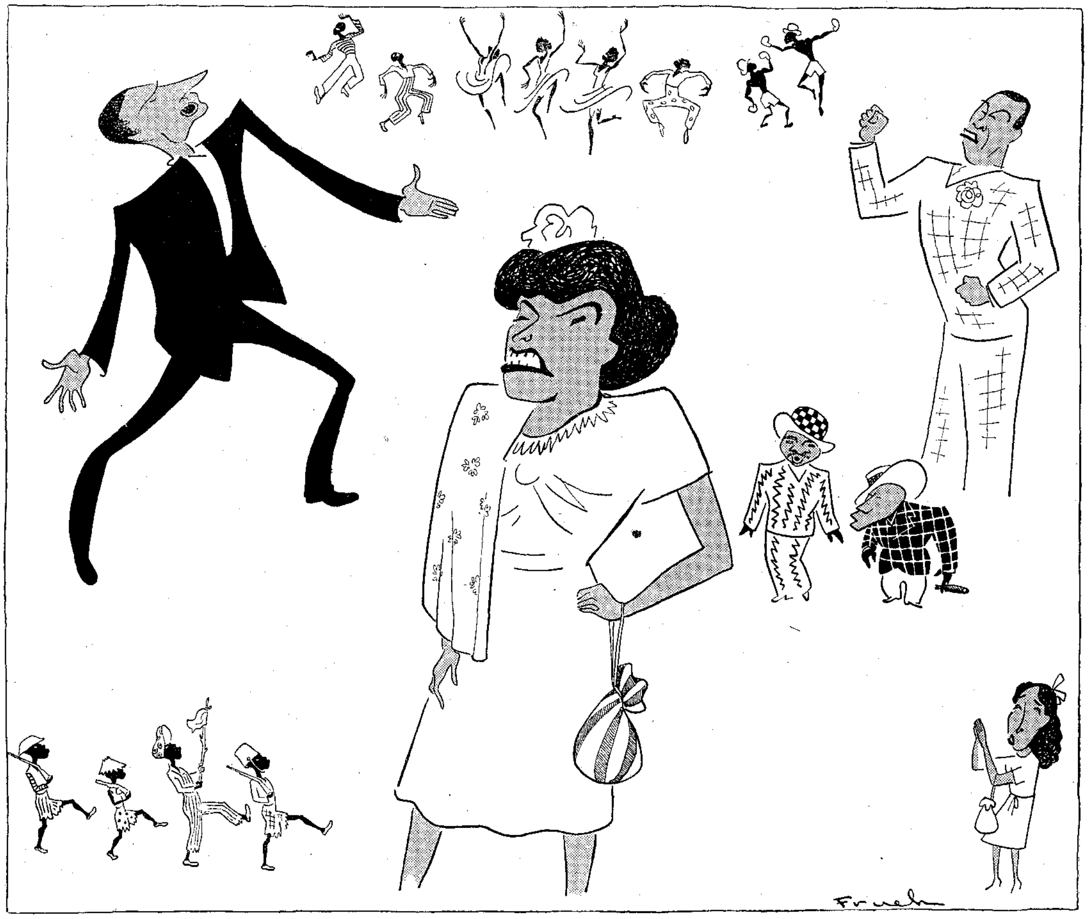
THE THEATRE

A TON OF FEATHERS

SOMETIMES a play is so bad that the reviewer is startled into indignant attention and even held in his seat for three acts, tossing and muttering. This is always a nasty experience, but at least the victim remains conscious and able to analyze the causes of his distress. There is another kind of bad play whose only offense against the spectator is a vast and intensely respectable dullness, and it can be even more deadly than the first. Watching such a work is rather like being transfixed by a snake; it is often impossible to get up and go away because the necessary nerve centres seem to have been paralyzed, and afterward it is hard to remember what went on upon the stage beyond a slow, continuous writhe and the bright, unwinking regard of a pair of glittering eyes. "Feathers in a Gale," at the Music Box, was just such a performance, and my report on it will be brief and perhaps rather dazed.

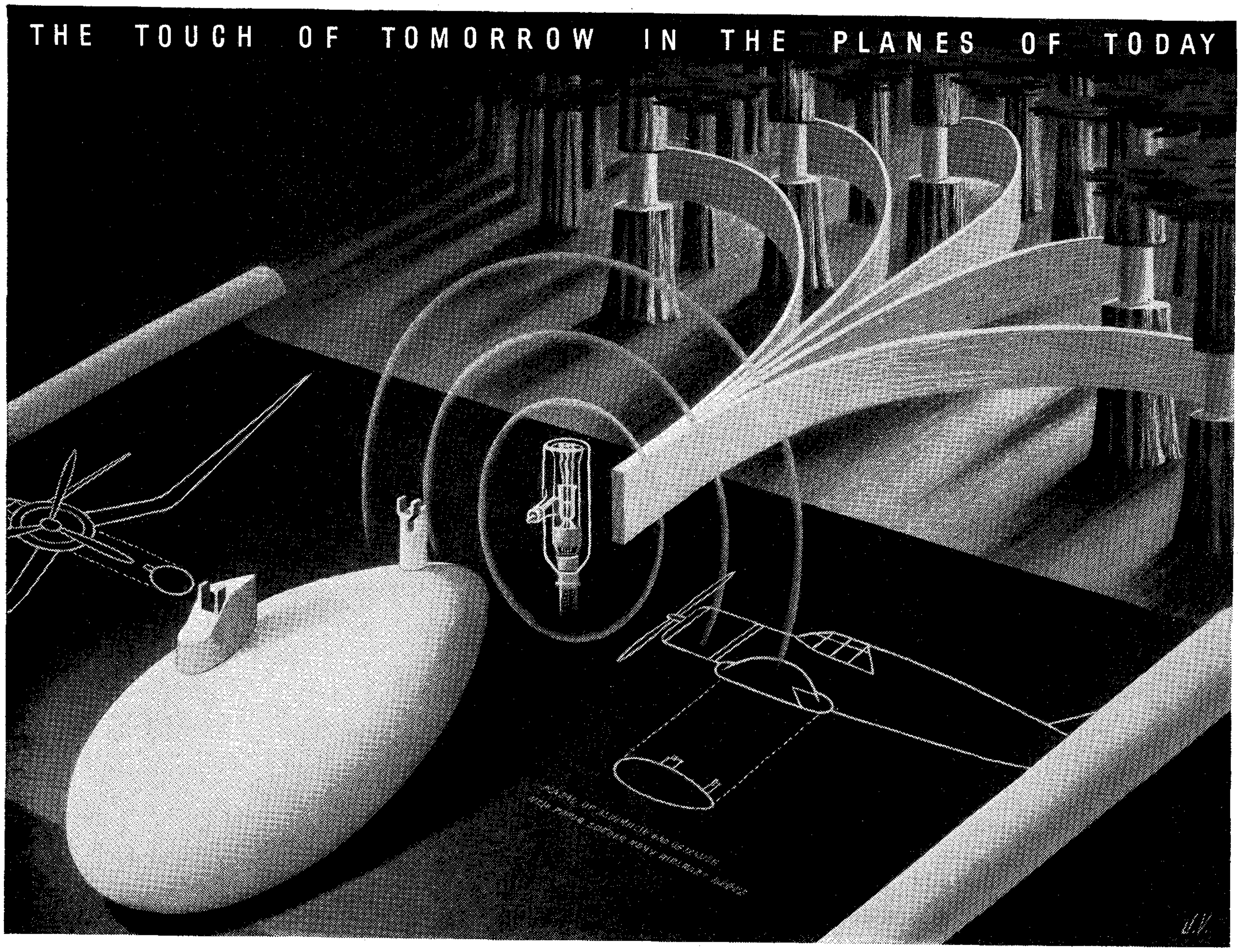
From some forgotten library, the authors, Pauline Jamerson and Reginald Lawrence, have dug up a quaint bit of legislation extant on Cape Cod around 1800. According to the actors' fitful exposition, this provided that penniless widows be auctioned off into domestic service for a period of one year, and, presuming a handsome and skittish widow, such a theme may have its comic possibilities. If so, they were muffed at the Music Box. The whole evening, in fact, lingers now in my mind as no more than a succession of interviews between Peggy Conklin, very fetching in her weeds and a variety of characters who entered, alternately right and left, to make love, explain the plot, or drown a joke. It was all very respectable, as noted above, and it was also a bore of imposing dimensions. Paula Trueman, Norman MacKay, and Harry Ellerbe were among those employed to assist Miss Conklin, and their devotion in this lost cause was very touching.

RESPECT for a formidable ally makes me reluctant to say that "Listen, Professor!," an adaptation from the Russian, at the Forrest, belongs somewhat in the same class as "Feathers in a Gale," but that happens to be the awkward fact. Peggy Phillips and J. J. Robbins have achieved what I am sure is a high-fidelity transcription of the Afinogenov original, the production is disarmingly honest, Dudley Digges and a generally satisfactory company act it with a minimum of those distracted mannerisms that usually afflict American actors called upon to grapple with the Soviet drama, and it remains a very slight and moderately tiresome little play. The humor is mild, elementary, and explicit. It is never very funny but sometimes it is endearing, like the simple, familiar jokes made by a nice old aunt. Mr. Afinogenov seems to have had the usual Russian faith in labels, so that the villain, once described as an accomplished seducer of ballerinas, is thereafter accepted as such by the rest of the cast, though there is nothing in his appearance or behavior that would seriously disturb a Rockette. Finally, the characters operate under the drastically simplified economy that has always been typical of Russians on the stage; when the young heroine of "Listen, Professor!" needs a winter coat, somebody just



"CARMEN JONES"

This Carmen is Muriel Smith, and her admirers, right and left, are Luther Saxon as Joe and Glenn Bryant as Husky Miller. The boys in the funny hats are Edward Lee Tyler and Dick Montgomery, and the sad little girl down in the corner is Carlotta Franzell. At the Broadway.


THE TOUCH OF TOMORROW IN THE PLANES OF TODAY

Warbirds Hatch Extra Range from this "Egg"

Today, the skies over targets deep inside the perimeter of Japan's island defenses know the roar of our Navy's fighters, dive bombers and torpedo planes.

Carrier-based aircraft, whose range was once comparatively limited, can now strike at the Japs hundreds of miles in advance of Navy task forces, thanks to the egg each plane carries under its belly.

To give our Navy planes this extra range, Fairchild engineers have designed a DURAMOLDED expendable gasoline tank much lighter than its metal counterpart, but holding the same amount of fuel.

When the egg is sucked dry by the plane's hungry engine, the pilot drops it by simply pressing a button, and switches over to his ship's regular tanks.

Built entirely of plywood, it is veneered and shaped by a process known as DURAMOLD. In this process layers of wood, laid cross-grain, are permanently glue-bonded with special resins and moulded under heat and pressure.

DURAMOLD, another milestone in the progress of American aviation, is a striking example of Fairchild's "touch of tomorrow in the planes of today."

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

FAIRCHILD ENGINE AND AIRPLANE CORPORATION
30 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK

Ranger Aircraft Engines Division, Farmingdale, L. I. • Fairchild Aircraft Division, Hagerstown, Md. . . . Burlington, N. C. • Duramold Division, New York, N. Y.

LISTEN: JANUARY 1, 1944

Roy Chapman Andrews says that 5 years ago New Guinea was one of the largest unexplored areas on earth. He ought to know: he was there 30 years ago. As an explorer he's a little rueful about the fine-tooth-combing it's getting from Allied troops, but as a patriot he feels great. Veteran of 40 years of exploration in Alaska, Korea, the Gobi Desert, Yunnan, North China and Borneo, he is now holed up at Colebrook, Conn., and commutes to town each Wednesday to conduct CBS' *New Horizons* series in *The American School of the Air* (9:15 a.m., EWT). He's telling several million boys and girls why exploring post-war is going to be more important than ever. But he's homesick to get back to those spaces where men greet each other with: "Ah, Dr. Presume, I presume?"

★

Let's get into the bathtub. Let us now drop a cake of soap. See the waves go out in a circle till they hit the edge of the tub! Now see the waves bounce back. These back waves now cross the tub, and once more they reverse, until the whole surface is crisscrossed with waves.

That is precisely what happens to radio waves that are confined *in a wire*.

The main wave goes through, but it is subject to a constant slowing up by reflected waves. Thus, though radio waves out in the open air travel 186,300 miles a second, radio waves inside wires travel forward only 19,700 miles a second.

That's sort of sluggish, but it doesn't slow up a program so you'd notice it. For instance—a CBS program originating (i.e. acted out) in a KNX playhouse in Hollywood travels to 130 CBS stations by land-wire. In Boston, for example, station WEEI runs the land-wire program up the transmitter and beams it out into places like Newton Upper Falls and Millinocket. But this land trip from Hollywood to Boston takes about 1/6 of a second, which isn't exactly tardy—in spite of all those little waves crisscrossing inside the wire. What's more, the program as broadcast by WEEI is just as rich and clear and juicy as it is scampering up the KNX transmitter out beyond Hollywood. CBS has quite a name for flawless engineering.

★

In a race through the stacks of a library between a bookworm and CBS' new symphonic director, our dough is down on the latter. At 32 Bernard Herrmann goes through books like a goat. His double-appetite for words and music led him once to dig up and play a forgotten overture by Samuel Butler, novelist. After a dose of Melville he composed a dramatic cantata called *Moby Dick* which the New York Philharmonic-Symphony played—as indeed it played his *First Symphony* and his short piece *For the Fallen* under his own direction. In Hollywood he did the score for Orson Welles' *Citizen Kane*, and for *Jane Eyre*. His score for *All That Money Can Buy* won an Academy Award. At 13 he wrote an opera. At 20 he made his professional debut. He enters his second decade at CBS wearing his new honors becomingly and securely. He will bear a lot of listening.

★

Where they find the time nobody knows. But the fact is that 116 staff members of the stations on the CBS network are giving civilian and Army and Navy radio instruction in 34 colleges and universities, and in 60 schools. These people work at capacity in their regular jobs. For their teaching mostly they take in not a penny...Some teach script-writing, directing, producing and some the equally mysterious behavior of tubes, wires and electrons. A pretty formidable and useful volunteer "faculty" of people who work for the good of their profession, as well as for their daily bread.

★

This is

CBS

the COLUMBIA

BROADCASTING SYSTEM

runs down to the corner and gets one in exchange for a rare book.

Many imported plays, of course, have triumphed over these handicaps, but the one at the Forrest has even more to contend with. The plot is a rather untidy wedding of two not very original ideas: how an innocent child wins her crusty old grandfather over to an understanding of youth and, by extension, the Soviet political system; and how an upstanding but inarticulate engineer defeats an unscrupulous man of the world for the hand of a beautiful actress. The characters, from the grandfather, who is an absent-minded professor, to a precocious student, who is my idea of how the late Alexander Woollcott must have looked and behaved as a tot, are standard types, and the adapters, while they may not have turned out a literal translation, have achieved a kind of flat, non-idiomatic prose that doesn't really suggest the common speech of either land. On the whole, I'm afraid that "Listen, Professor!," though a dignified effort, can hardly be classified as lively entertainment.

"THE PATRIOTS," presented as the second dramatic offering at the new City Center, reminded me that once I was so strangely deluded as to vote for it as the best play of the year. Listening again to its debating-society periods, I felt as Supreme Court Justice Black may still conceivably feel when somebody brings up the Ku Klux Klan.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

NO TIME FOR WAR

There is no chosen age for war,
No perfect time of life
To leave the easy shelter for
The bullet, bomb, and knife.

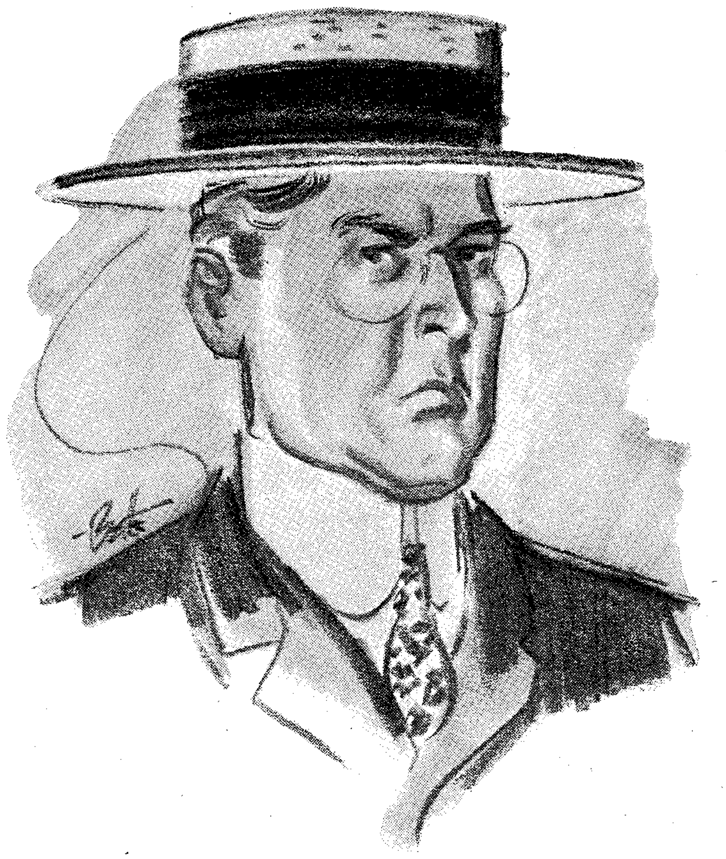
How can the choice be wholly right
As long as it must lie
Between the men too old to fight
And those too young to die?

—RICHARD ARMOUR

•

Helene Adams—21 East 55th (EL 5-8526). A tip to husbands who would like to buy their wives' hats (if they only dared). It's a small moss green beaver felt, manipulated into a tiny tower of Pisa, and trimmed with simulated quetzal feathers that trail a colorful length of wild grape, lime, natural and a touch of scarlet around the top of the miniature tower and across the back where it meets a flimsy brown face veil. Yum! Yum! $27.50.—*Cue*.

There's a challenge for some adventurous fellow!



Eustace Never Winked at Girls

WINKING at young ladies may not be quite proper.

But when girls are so pretty and young men so susceptible, who can say that it's wrong to unbend...just a little?

Well, Eustace, for one. Eustace thought winking was undignified...even a flicker. And so young Eustace won "Good Conduct" medals while his boy friends won the girls.

Let it be said that Eustace progressed nicely from a dignified young man to a dignified middle-aged bachelor. But in business, as well as in his personal life, Eustace missed *many* an opportunity. His eyes were so focused on dignity that he was blind to the force of human vitality.

Today, in a world of action, it's surprising that there are some business men who look at the products they manufacture, with thoughts like Eustace's. For instance, their search for imagined dignity leads them even to pass up a vital advertising medium like Puck-The Comic Weekly.

The force and power behind the public's love for "Tillie The Toiler", "Blondie and Dagwood", the irrepressible "Skippy", Walt Disney's "Donald Duck", Ripley's "Believe It or Not!", Soglow's "The Little King", and many others, is the best answer to the importance of the week to week doings of these characters in the lives of millions of people. There you have the reason why Puck-The Comic Weekly is the most thoroughly-read publication of its kind in America.

When choosing a medium to carry your advertising message—whether institutional or sales promotional—keep these facts in mind:

1..More people (men and women as well as children) read "the comics" than any other one form of entertainment feature.

2..Visibility and readership are unusually high because Puck-The Comic Weekly accepts only a limited number of advertisements per issue. Advertising space in Puck is a valuable franchise.

3..Puck produces results. The Hormel Company, packers of meat and meat products, started advertising in Puck-The Comic Weekly in 1939. Since then they have increased their schedule, until now in 1944 they will use more advertising in Puck-The Comic Weekly than in any other previous year.

Everything points to the "Comics" as an advertising medium to cover a broad market, reaching adults as well as growing children. That is why sales minded executives now carefully consider Puck's analysis of "Your Customers of Tomorrow." It is a sound presentation of *tested* sales information. Would you like to hear it? Write to Puck-The Comic Weekly, 959 Eighth Avenue, New York—or Hearst Building, Chicago.

JUST LIKE A SHIP

BY the time the civilians were allowed in the diner, the train was riding along in fast-dimming twilight. There was still enough light to see the cattle quietly grazing at the base and a little way up the soft, indented sides of the mountains of Wyoming. Inside the car, bits of bread and mussed napkins cluttered the floor, but the four assorted people lucky enough to get the first table vacated by the troops looked at one another triumphantly. The genteel old lady with bangs picked up a broken crust and laid it in the ashtray. Then she swept up the crumbs left by the soldiers. The big Marine had managed to get into the seat next to the pretty girl in a striped shirt and tailored slacks. Miss Bliss, who was the fourth at the table, sat staring out the window at the crumpled mountains. She was flushed a little with pleasure and excitement.

"I'm going to have consommé with rice, pork and beans, salad, ice cream, and coffee," said the girl, putting down her menu. "All out of nice clean cans, I'm sure."

"Oh, it doesn't really matter, does it?" breathed Miss Bliss, blushing at her own boldness.

"They really do very well to give us anything at all," said the old lady in a tone of authority. "It's not like travel in the old days, but then what is? In some ways a train like this reminds me of a ship."

"Does it?" asked Miss Bliss eagerly. She had never managed to go abroad before the war and she could only imagine what it must have been like.

"Moonlight, romance, champagne cocktails," said the girl. "Where are they?"

"Oh, I don't mean that way, of course," said the old lady impatiently. "But on a train like this, strangers get acquainted like—well, the way they would on a boat."

"There's a full moon too, or will be," said the Marine, turning toward the girl. "How about a stroll around the deck?"

"Suits me," said the girl, smiling. "How did you know strolling around the deck in the moonlight was practically my passion?"

"Because women are mine," he answered, and then added disgustedly, "Well, I guess it's the pork and beans for me, too."

"We're in luck that we don't have horse meat," Miss Bliss said brightly.

"Hoss meat," said the Marine coldly, staring hard at Miss Bliss and making a thrust with his fork as if he would like to impale her. "Hoss meat. Lady, there's not a hoss alive or dead that isn't above that kind of treatment. Don't tell me. I breed 'em. Hoss meat. Hosses have intelligence. Don't talk to me of hoss meat."

"So you breed horses," said the girl. "I wondered."

"I do, or I did. All my life. Now my wife and her father are running the ranch. In Texas. But it's what I'm going back to when this is over. Breeding hosses. Now we breed 'em for the Army."

"You ought to be in the cavalry," said the girl, but the Marine shrugged his shoulders irritably. Miss Bliss hastened to assure everyone that in this country we most certainly would not come to eating horses. She was going to add something about her uncle who was in the dairy business in Wisconsin when the old lady cut in.

"The very thought is barbaric," she said. "Simply barbaric. Yet did you know that in France they actually used to have shops that sold nothing but horse meat? Actually," she assured Miss Bliss, who obviously was untravelled.

"With the head of a horse hanging right over the door of the shop," said the girl.

"That's why I would never go to a bullfight," the old lady went on. "When I was in San Sebastián I could have seen any number of bullfights. But it's barbarism. I'm English," she explained, turning to Miss Bliss. "We like animals."

"Well," observed the girl, slowly drawing figures with her spoon on the tablecloth. "It's a brutal world, if you ask me. Somehow I can't get worked up about a bullfight. Not right now."

"Well, we can't let things go just because there's a war on, can we?" persisted the old lady, shoving out her chin stubbornly. "Why, in San Sebastián I knew a Spanish duke who assured me I was right in thinking bullfights barbaric. He said the thing to do was to teach them handball."

"I don't think handball would do it," said the girl slowly, as if she were giving the problem her serious attention. "No, I don't believe handball will solve anything."

"I'm a national officer of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," said the old lady. "In my opinion, we can't be lazy and let things drift. We have to keep trying. There's Italy. Why, in that country they even eat little larks." Her shocked voice implied that the only proper reply was an indignant outburst, but the girl merely gave a short, harsh laugh. The old lady flushed angrily, and Miss Bliss timidly offered an olive branch. "Perhaps when you are very hungry, you just eat anything."

"You couldn't get me to eat a little lark!" cried the old lady, and then, looking angrily at the girl, she said, "You don't like animals."

"Oh, but I do," protested the girl. "Very much. Only I never got really deeply involved with an animal, I guess. I mean I've been awfully partial to humans. That's been my trouble." She really looked troubled and as if she might burst into tears.

"A hoss was never made to be eaten," said the Marine, with the tenacity of a one-track mind. "A hoss has brains. Far and above a lot of humans."

"Exactly," said the old lady, with emphasis. Then, as if to restore the now lost illusion of a company on shipboard, she leaned toward Miss Bliss and said cozily, "I used to winter in Florida and summer in Victoria, but the war has sort of thrown me off. Now I'm going to Denver." No one answered her. The soldier and the girl were in private worlds of their own. He was twisting the menu in his fingers and she was staring sombrely at the darkening countryside. Miss Bliss shivered in spite of herself. The car, swaying through the darkening hills, might easily have been the bright, enclosed cabin of a ship, but she no longer took any pleasure in the innocent illusion. It was a queer, uneasy voyage, she felt, and she was embarked on it alone. —JOSEPHINE HERBST

•

WHICH PAGE OF THE "TIMES" D'YA READ?

The Cairo communiqué in itself represented a Pacific charter even more explicit in those terms it mentioned than the document resulting from the famous Roosevelt-Churchill meeting in mid-ocean.—*C. L. Sulzberger in the Sunday Times, section 4, page 4.*

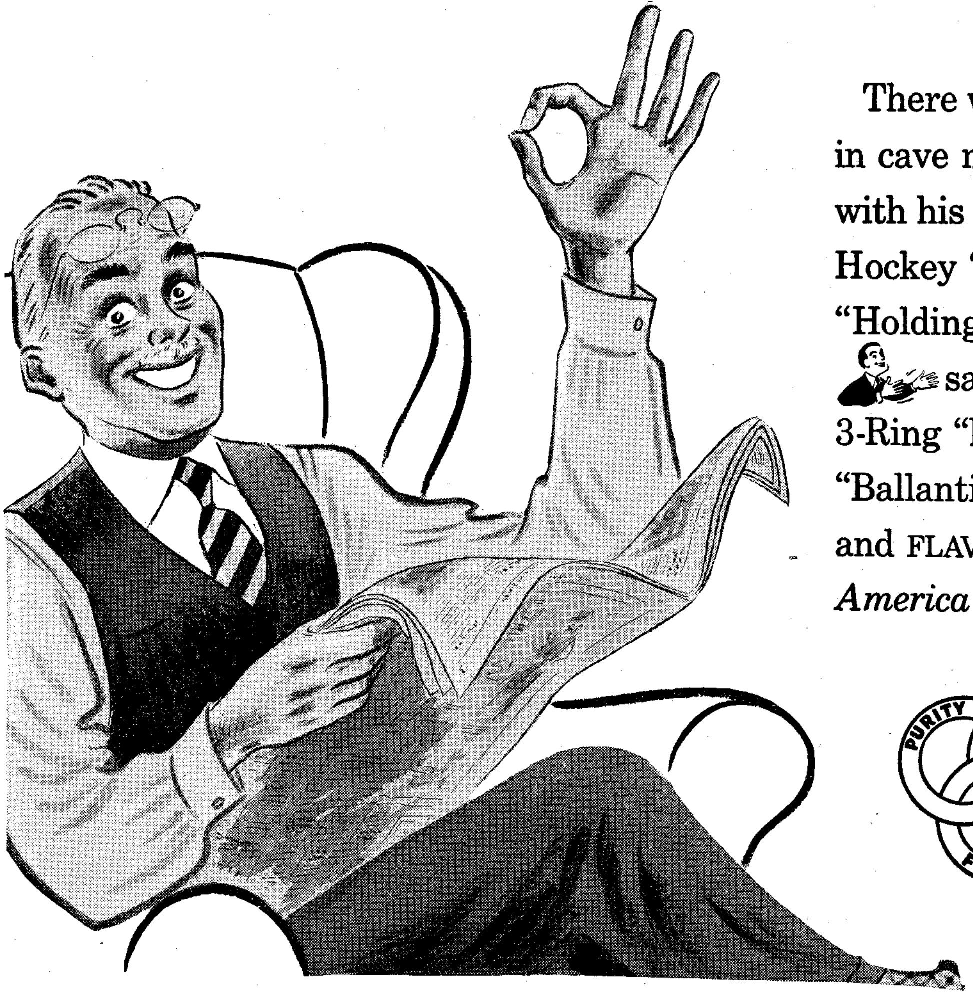
In short, Cairo moved us forward one important step toward that world plan, but the communiqué was, as The New Statesman said this week, "an interim report with limited purpose." It was not a Pacific charter . . .—*James B. Reston, section 4, page 3, same edition.*

Atta-boy "handy" says...

"Nice going!"

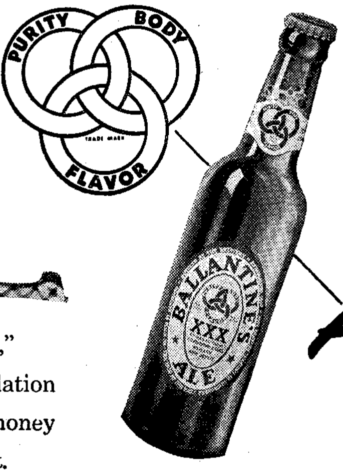
3-Ring "handy" says...

"I'll have BALLANTINE!"



There was no clatter of tongues in cave man circles. Man talked with his *hands*. And we still do! Hockey "handy" says "Holding." Parent's "handy" says "Come to Poppa." 3-Ring "handy" says "Ballantine Ale!"...PURITY, BODY and FLAVOR in every glass

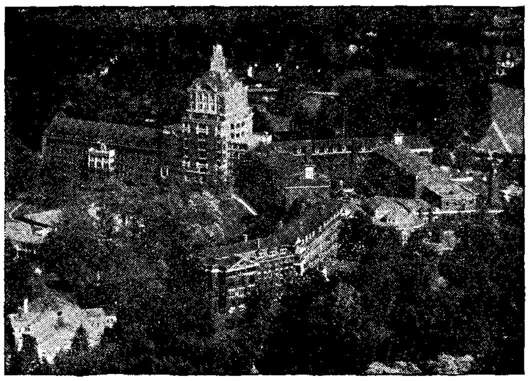
America's finest since 1840.



ALE

When your bad angel says, "Throw it away and buy a new one," remember, buying things you don't need helps bring on inflation, and inflation is the world's worst "pickpocket." To protect the buying power of *your* money listen to your good angel Use it up, make it do, do without.

P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.



A PLACE OF PEACE

No more peaceful region exists today than the quiet Virginia valley of which The Homestead is the center.

It is kept so deliberately, because The Homestead's greatest contribution to the war effort is as a haven of peace where American leaders can quickly restore the strength they have spent in all-out war activities.

A week or more at The Homestead this winter, when the Homestead Spa is at its best, will surely help you regain peak condition to meet the difficult days which are still to come.

The Homestead is just overnight from you by train on the C. & O. Lines. Open the year round. For booklets, rates, etc., address The Homestead, Hot Springs, Virginia, or our New York office in the Waldorf-Astoria.

The HOMESTEAD
VIRGINIA HOT SPRINGS

JUST SAY... "The St. Regis"

Dancing, dining, in the lovely
Iridium Room
Scene of the thrilling new St. Regis
MIDNIGHT ICE SHOW

Music by Freddie Miller and his orchestra, Theodora Brooks and her band. Open for luncheon, dinner and supper.
INFORMAL

In the charming
Maisonette
Sophisticated songs by Sondra and Jonnie Steele at dinner and supper.
INFORMAL
Dancing to continuous music by Evan Jones, Bob Simone and their orchestras.

FIFTH AVENUE AT 55TH STREET

OF ALL THINGS

SOME congressmen are sticking to their story that it would be unconstitutional for the federal government to supervise servicemen's voting in the next election. Our warriors may fight national if they want to, but voting is a strictly local issue.

•

King Victor Emmanuel has somehow succeeded in bringing a spirit of unity to his unhappy country. Six important political parties have joined in declaring that he must abdicate.

•

Mr. Roosevelt feels that the term "New Deal" is outmoded and should be dropped. The phrase belongs to the horse-and-buggy days when we had nothing to worry about but a depression.

•

The Yugoslav Partisan commander, Marshal Tito, has washed his hands of young King Peter. As far as Tito is concerned, Peter is just a local boy who has made not so good.

•

The State Department is investigating a report that Hirohito tried to prevent his government from going to war with us. According to this story, there was nothing the matter with the Emperor except his lack of influence.

•

The coal shortage made Christmas a fairly chilly affair in this region. Few, if any, of our citizens sent Yuletide greetings to John L. Lewis.

•

A Washington psychiatrist tells us that mental illness is on the decline in the capital. If this is true, we may have cause to hope that another tide has turned.

•

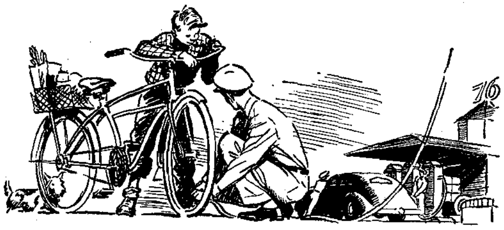
The conviction of those racketeers lifted a great burden from the movie industry. Henceforth the film companies can give their profits to Uncle Sam instead of to friends of Willie Bioff.

•

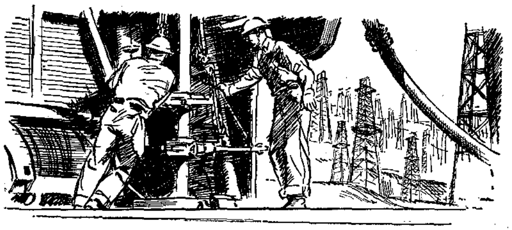
There is a belief in Washington that congressmen may change their attitude toward food subsidies after the holidays. Perhaps they have finally made the surprising discovery that high prices are not popular with the masses.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

MAN NEVER RUNS AS FAST AGAINST TIME AS IN RACE!

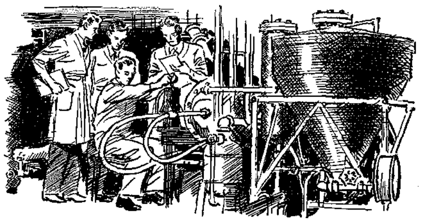


1. When it comes to making things better—and selling them cheaper—we Americans have "run faster" than any other nation. Our petroleum products are certainly superior and far less expensive. So are our cars, radios, and almost anything you name. This probably isn't news to you, but have you ever wondered why?



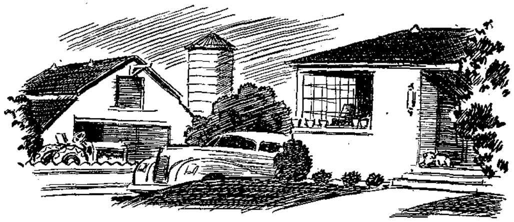
2. We are rich in natural resources—but so is India. We have plenty of land—but so has Russia. We have the scientists and the machines—but so has England. We have a democratic government—but so have others. What do we have then that makes such a difference to *your* pocketbook and *your* standard of living?

3. The answer can be given in one phrase: Free *Competitive* Enterprise. No country in the world has as few monopolies—private *or* governmental. No country has as much competition. And, as our Chinese friend says, "Man never runs as fast against *time* as in *race*."



4. Competition is the one incentive discovered so far that keeps him constantly striving to improve his products and lower his costs. At Union Oil, for example, we spend $500,000 a year—$1,370 *every day*—on product research. Why? Not because we like to spend money, or because someone has told us we must...

5. But to keep ahead of our competitors. Most U. S. manufacturers—big and little—work at product improvement just as hard. As a result of this constant, never-ending research, *we Americans have made more major scientific discoveries and inventions in the last one hundred years than the rest of the world combined.*



6. And we have achieved the highest standard of living and the greatest capacity for war production the world has ever seen. Our Free *Competitive* Enterprise system may not be perfect yet. But its advantages seem to far outweigh the disadvantages of various state and private monopolies the rest of the world has tried.

UNION OIL COMPANY
OF CALIFORNIA

AMERICA'S *FIFTH* FREEDOM IS FREE ENTERPRISE

This series, sponsored by the people of the Union Oil Company, is dedicated to a discussion of how and why American business functions. We hope you'll feel free to send in any suggestions or criticisms you have to offer. Write, The President, Union Oil Co., Union Oil Bldg., Los Angeles 14, Calif.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

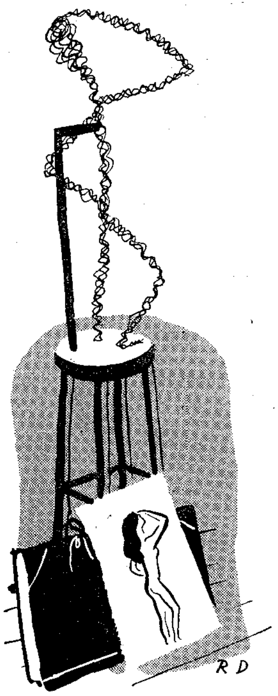
ITALIAN STREET SCENE

TORRE ANNUNZIATA, a small Italian seacoast town in the Campania region, has one street that points straight in the direction of Naples, nineteen miles to the northwest. There is nothing of special importance on this street—just curbstones and sidewalks and balconied houses where people live—and it runs up through the town on the slope of a very gradual hill, at the top of which, where the town ends, it stops being a street and turns into the only road in the neighborhood fit to be called a road. Baedeker dismisses the street, along with the rest of Torre Annunziata, as of little interest. For a whole day in September, though, it had a very special interest for the men of the Fifth Army who were pushing toward Naples. They had occupied the town and before they could advance any further they had to get control of the road. The Germans were trying to keep them from accomplishing this. Whenever anyone went up the street and passed over the top of the hill, the Germans shot at him with rifles and machine guns. The street in Torre Annunziata, with its curbstones and sidewalks and balconied houses, was right in the front lines.

In the circumstances, the street looked very quiet. Lines of military vehicles were strung along both sides—trucks and jeeps, motorcycles and tanks and halftracks, all of them mixed up together. A few tanks were almost at the top of the street, in position to fire on the Germans should they come out into the open on the road. The tanks were not firing, though; they were merely sitting there, and a soldier was asleep on the platform behind the turret of one of them. Other soldiers sat on the curbstones, smoking and talking, and still others were sprawled on the sidewalks. Every now and then there were the sounds of shells exploding in the distance, but no one paid any attention. Italian civilians walked listlessly among the soldiers or sat on their balconies, and little girls stood in the street staring at the soldiers with their knuckles held to their mouths. One of the soldiers would say something to a group of them, and they would keep on staring, and after a time one of the other soldiers would answer for the girls. "That's right," he would say, "I think so too," and then the soldiers would smile at each other in a pleased and satisfied sort of way.

All of a sudden a German machine gun began to fire from the other side of the hill. The Americans had sent out patrols to see what the Germans were doing and one of the patrols had been spotted. The rattle of the machine gun sounded very loud and near. An American machine gun opened up on it and a duel began. Every time one of the machine guns finished firing, the other started, and the two tones of fire, unmistakably different, alternated rapidly until both gunners decided to quit. Nobody in the street took any notice.

"It's quite a war," one soldier said. "They bring American infantry up in English trucks with limey drivers. Englishmen fight in tanks that were made in America. We have Italians running in all the time to tell us where the Germans are and probably the Germans a couple of hundred yards down the road have the same thing done for them. Not a plane in the sky all day. Young kids running all over the place. A few machine guns and mortars holding up the whole darn Army. I don't get it."



A LITTLE British dingo entered the foot of the street and began to climb toward the top of the hill. A dingo is a small armored vehicle, something between a light tank and a pursuit car, that the Australians christened after the wild or half-domesticated dog of the same name. A bare-armed English boy stood in the open turret, leaning his elbows on the edges. Behind the dingo came an armored reconnaissance car. It looked like a pot-bellied stove supported on steel shafts running between two sets of wheels. It had bigger guns than those of the dingo and thicker armor protected it. After the reconnaissance car came a thirty-ton American-made medium tank, then another tank, then another. Still bigger guns stuck out from them. Standing in the wide-open turrets and peering out of the apertures of the tanks were British soldiers, the red burn of years in the desert still on their faces. Their hair was blond or reddish, bleached by the sun. They were the famous "desert rats" and they didn't give a damn about anybody. They seemed slightly more interested in the people on the street than they did in the possibility of getting killed by the Germans toward whom they were heading.

A captain stood in the turret of the last tank, holding a hand microphone. He kept talking into the microphone, giving orders to the vehicles ahead. The dingo rolled on toward the top of the hill, crossed the crest, disappeared from the sight of the people on the street, and then opened fire on a target it found. The Germans returned its fire with machine guns and it backed up until it came into view again. The armored reconnaissance car had followed it but had stayed some distance from the crest of the hill. Now it jerked ahead as far as the crest and started firing at the guns that had tried to get the dingo. The motors of the tanks that had been sitting up there all day began to turn over. The soldier who had been asleep on the platform of one of them raised his head, looked around, couldn't see what was happening, and went back to sleep. The dingo came backing down the street. The English boy who was standing in the turret held up a bleeding elbow. "If somebody has something to fix this bloody arm, I'll wrap it up!" he yelled. Somebody handed him a bandage and he began to bind up his wounded arm. The people on the street looked at him idly.

Two tanks had gone over the crest of the hill and were blasting away with everything they had. Their guns went "Whoomph, whoomph, whoomph." Soldiers and civilians formed a semicircle across the street about three quarters of the way up the hill, trying to see what was happening. Clouds of dust and smoke, raised by the blast of the guns, drifted into the sky. Up near the top of the street, not much more than fifty yards from where the tanks were firing, two little girls climbed up the railing of a second-story balcony. Their shrill voices and excited laughter filled the quiet between gun crashes. Then all up and down the street little boys and girls came running out onto the balconies, followed by grown members of their families, who hauled them off the railings so that they themselves might have a better view of what was going on. The soldier who was sleeping on the back of his tank opened his eyes again and raised himself up on one elbow. He gave one look, flopped back, and closed his eyes.

The Germans began to answer the fire of the tanks, sending over a mortar shell that landed behind the buildings on one side of the street. The shuddering smash of the shell sent the spectators running in all directions. The Italians and their children skittered into their houses. Soldiers ducked into doorways and under trucks and jeeps. Another shell slammed into the same place as the first. Then one bit a ragged hole in the spire of a church. Then five of them crashed in a pattern around the firing tanks. Nobody was hurt.

THE shells stopped coming over and there was quiet once more. Soldiers got up and brushed themselves off. Little girls led little boys out of houses and began staring at the soldiers again. Older people ventured outdoors. They sat in chairs on the sidewalks or stood talking on the curbings. The tanks backed up over the crest of the hill and came down the street. The desert rats set their large, rectangular biscuit tins on the sidewalk, poured gasoline into them, and set the fuel afire. They laid racks over the tops of the cans and set pots of water to boil. It was time for tea. —JOHN E. WHELDEN

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You can test your midsection muscles and see how much work you have overhead with hands clasped, legs together on floor in back. Pull slim through the middle and bend to the right at the waist as you sit down to the left of your feet. Then, by sheer force of your muscles, haul yourself up, bend to the left, and sit down on the floor to the right of your feet.

How did you make out?—*Washington Post.*

Hernia.

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Amarillo (Texas) News*]

A pre-aviation cadet stationed at the AAF Eastern Technical Training Command unit here spends a big part of his time telling officers and enlisted men who he is not.

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Vermouth by Dubonnet
MUTUAL
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sweet or dry

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his orchestra...Lina Romay...Don Rodney...
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of sambas, rhumbas, congas and Latin wit.
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FOR YOUR ENJOYMENT EVERY DAY
WHENEVER YOU DRINK...DRINK DUBONNET

DUBONNET STRAIGHT: serve well chilled, no ice.

MERRY WIDOW: ½ Dubonnet, ½ dry Vermouth by Dubonnet, serve well chilled, no ice, add twist of lemon peel.

MANHATTAN COCKTAIL: ⅔ rye or bourbon, ⅓ sweet Vermouth by Dubonnet, 3 dashes Angostura bitters, stir in cracked ice, strain into cocktail glass, dress with cherry.

DRY MARTINI COCKTAIL: ⅔ dry gin, ⅓ dry Vermouth by Dubonnet, stir in cracked ice, strain into cocktail glass, dress with olive.

PRODUCTS OF THE U. S. A.
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BACK THE ATTACK...WITH WAR BONDS

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

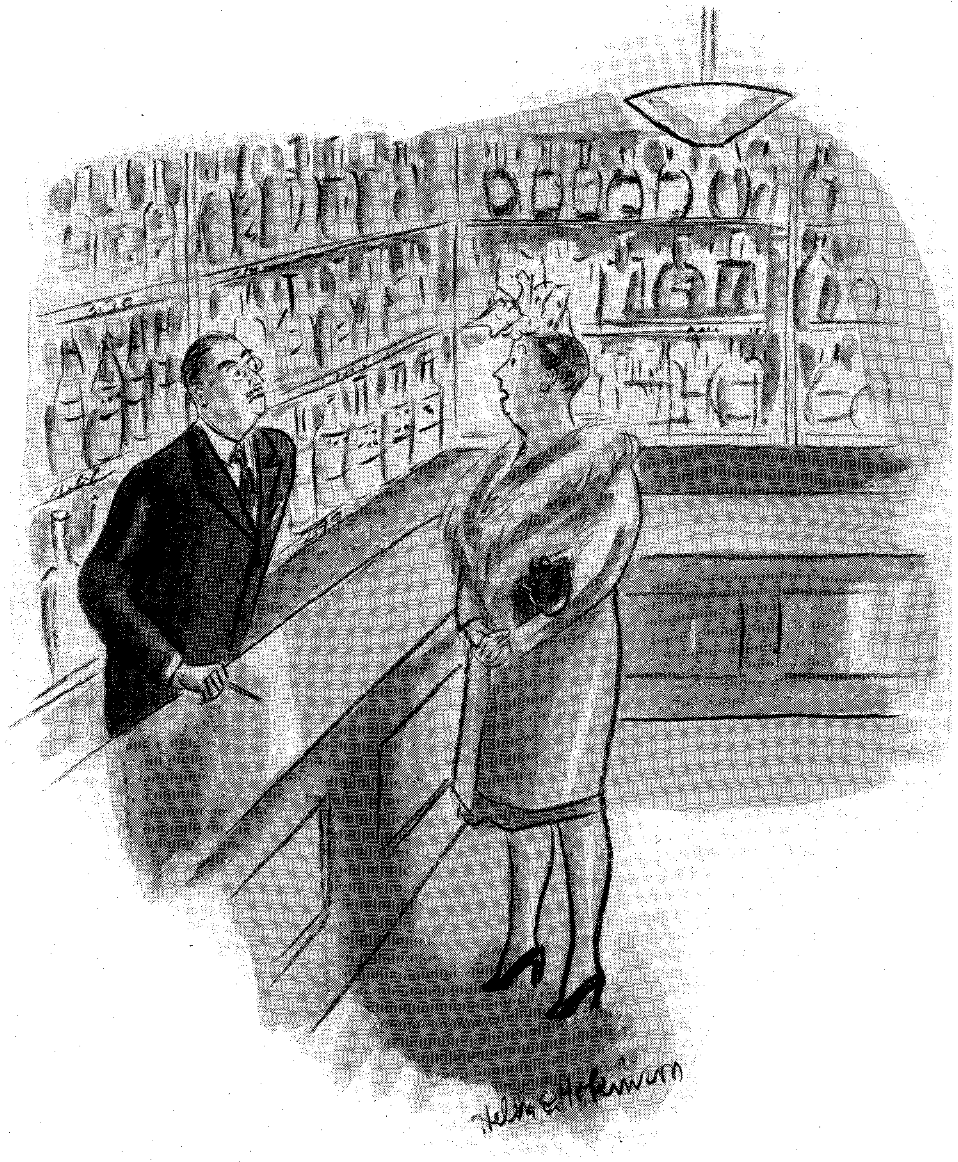
UNLESS some elf has been tampering with the thermometer outside my window, it is wintry enough for almost anyone's thoughts to be turning fondly to something that has fur on it. My thoughts turned that way some time ago, and I have been looking around. Broadtail, it will stun practically no one to learn, is still the grand favorite among furriers and women alike for formal occasions, especially when it's made up into those mandarin-type three-quarter coats that can do duty with either evening or day dresses. For sports, opossum, which is warm, durable, and becoming to a lot of us, is surging toward the top of the list, where I feel it should have been enthroned long ago. As for other news, a curious new top-heavy design is showing up everywhere, flaunting kimono sleeves, with armholes sometimes as deep as the waistline and cuffs sometimes thirty-six inches around—a weird concession to women's natural desire to have their fur coats slip easily over the padded shoulders of tailored suits. You can ignore such caricatures, though; there are plenty of graceful, well-proportioned coats on tap.

At Gunther, they like to make Persian lamb into coats showing a Russian influence, with a bloused top, moderate raglan sleeves, and a slender skirt, and they do a beautiful job on a double-breasted coat with wide revers and an inverted pleat below the waistline in back. You'll also find brown-dyed Alaska seal. In this fur, there are coats that have a tuxedo-front effect when they are worn open, and there are guardsmen's coats, belted in back and double-breasted in front. In the ready-to-wear Budget Department, the prizes of the moment consist of a raccoon affair that isn't a bit flapper, being collarless, three-quarter length, and straight-backed (this is $395), and a full-length American opossum greatcoat for $295.

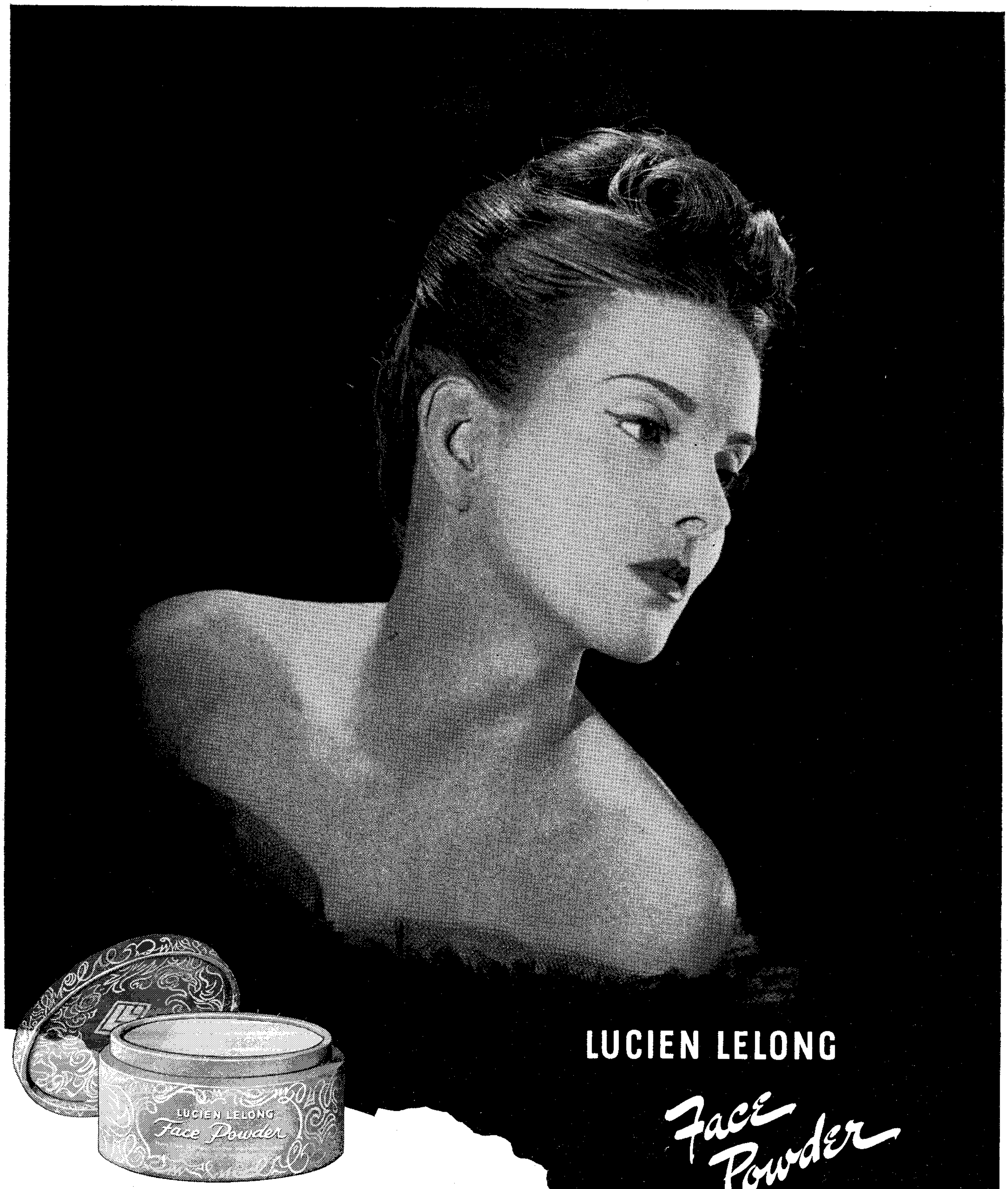
Knowledgeable European ladies used to go to Warsaw to buy the furs of Maximilian, or so I hear, but now Maximilian is no farther away from us than 20 West 57th Street. There you'll see lovely long fitted coats of broadtail, tailored just as if it were cloth (one ties in a bow at the throat and has a wide fur belt and buckle), and three-quarter mandarin coats of the same fur, bound in a heavy silk braid. This place loves to make long, straight, reversible capes—greige wool ones lined with black Persian lamb and fastened at the throat with a mammoth black satin bow; black wool ones lined with white ermine, which also forms a collar and edging. If black Persian is what you want, there's a very Slav coat, full-length, with fuchsia wool lining and with pockets sticking out on either hip, and there's a three-quarter affair with a small, rolled collar, a narrow tuxedo front bound with silk braid, and a full, loose back. Among the less expensive furs, you will find brown-dyed baby seal producing a wonderful sports coat bound with greige gabardine for $150 and natural ranch mink tails with matching wool producing another little gem for $300.

Trencher's reputation was made downtown on Grand Street, where the firm has held forth through three generations, but there is now a branch at 649 Fifth Avenue (52nd), presenting furs as handsome as they can be. (Yes, Mummy can remember when Fifth Avenue was considered way uptown.) Russian lynx, with those blue and white markings, isn't seen much any more, but Trencher has a marvellous collarless greatcoat of it. The place loves to work natural ranch mink in "hair up" style, with the skins upside down to make the fur look silkier. A good example is a medium-length coat with the square armhole Trencher dotes on.

Plucked otter, which looks like beaver in spite of the white underfur and is supposed to be even sturdier, is on hand here; so is Australian opossum in a coat that is full-length, straight, and as lux-



"What's to prevent some clever little mountaineer from making Scotch?"



LUCIEN LELONG
Face Powder

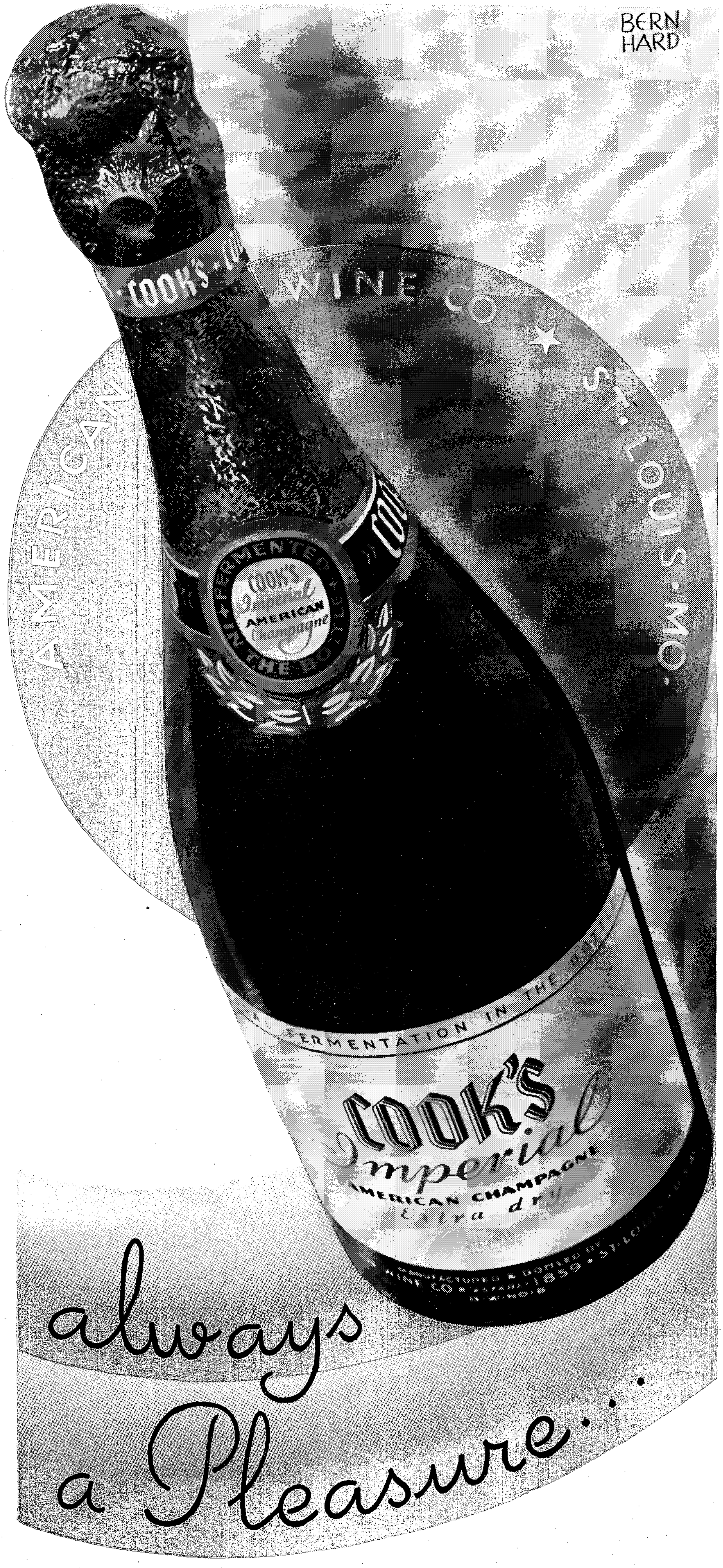
...to make your throat and shoulders lovely, too!

● A new, wonderful way to be lovely! Lift your pretty chin and powder throat and shoulders, too, with Lucien Lelong's Face Powder. With disturbing low-cut necklines, with after-dark decollete, you'll want every inch of your skin to have the same creamy sheen-of-a-pearl look with no distracting demarcation at the chin line. So powder, powder right down to *there.*

Lucien Lelong's Face Powder fluffs on to give you the smooth and satin look you long for. Finely milled, it clings lightly and evenly. It's deftly scented, as only Lucien Lelong would perfume powder. Try it for new beauty excitement with the new fashions!

● *In an attractive dressing table container* $2

Above all . . . buy more War Bonds


BERNHARD
AMERICAN WINE CO ★ ST. LOUIS · MO.
COOK'S
COOK'S Imperial AMERICAN Champagne
FERMENTED
FERMENTATION IN THE BOTTLE
COOK'S Imperial
AMERICAN CHAMPAGNE
Extra dry
always a Pleasure . . .

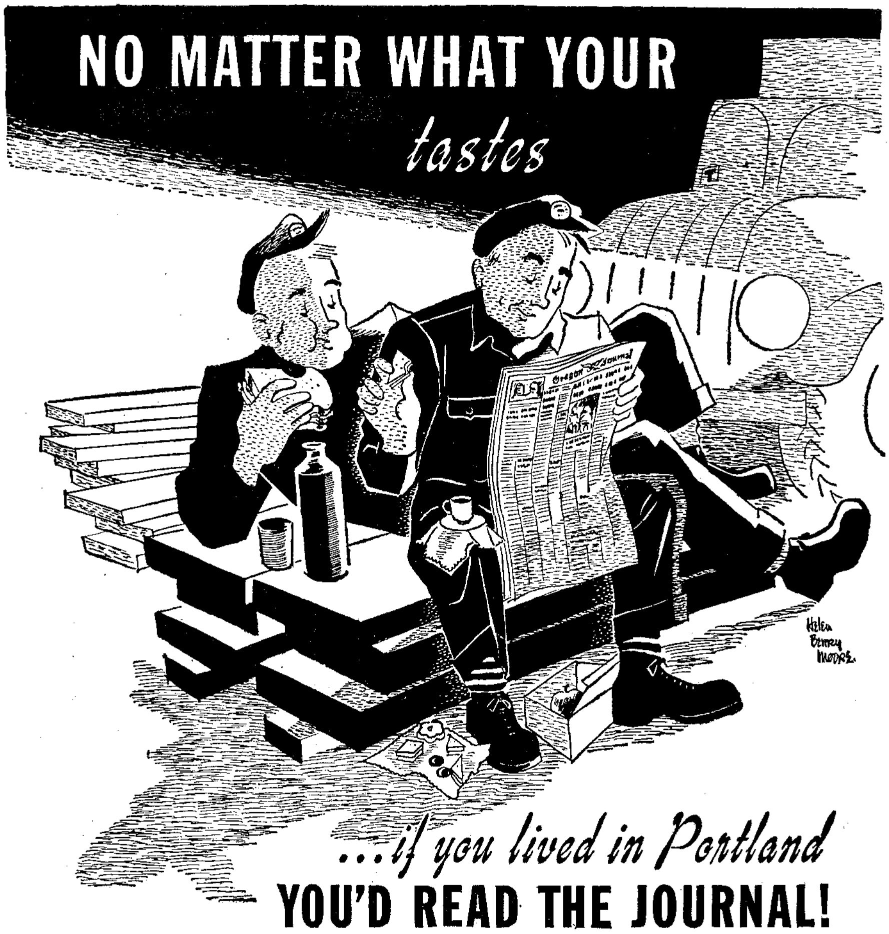
urious as any around. ($795 for this one, if you're asking.) For inexpensive furs, you might look at a skunk jacket dyed a rich, deep brown to vaguely resemble fisher. It makes an attractive jacket, with ingenious open folds, like long lapels, down each side for your chilly fingers to hide under; $275.

Esther Dorothy has come all the way from Boston to open a shop at 78 East 56th Street and show New Yorkers her talent for manipulating furs. She even goes in for such pyrotechnics as two-piece suits and one-piece dresses of broadtail. That's not all, either. She has huge white fox muffs, worked on the bias, to be dyed in startling combinations like peach and pistache green. She has small, barrel-shaped white broadtail muffs with sequin flowers to bring new life to a tired black dinner suit; $50. She has triangular moleskin shawls, lined with wool and ready to be dyed any color, for $95. Ear-muff devotees, who must already know about Miss Dorothy, will find equally lively caprices in their specialty.

GETTING on to white-collar needs (and brackets), small women and girls who weigh a fragile hundred pounds or less will be charmed to know that Bloomingdale's Débutante Department has added a collection of dresses, size seven, for their special benefit. You can have rayon-crêpe prints with square, shirred décolletages softened by bows on either side, or solid-colored rayon sheers in light, dark, or brilliant shades. Then there are rayon-and-wool flannel dresses with scrolled detail at either side of the high, round neck. Small, jewelled buttons down the front of things are a characteristic of this collection, and $17.95 and $19.95 are representative prices. In sizes nine to fifteen, there are unusually nice rayon-crêpe print dresses at $10.95—green-and-white pompon chrysanthemums printed on a red ground, or yellow daisies tied with white bowknots on a soft green. There are also pastel wool-jersey cardigans bound with checked rayon wool to match their accompanying pleated skirts. These ensembles are $22.95. And already ginghams are poking their little heads up through the snowdrifts. Look at a pink, brown, and white tailored affair with a tuck-in shirt, a convertible neck, and a skirt so adroitly gathered that it seems as full as the dirndl of yesteryear; $14.95.

IF you are not a pint-sized woman, and particularly if you have trouble finding clothes with waistlines long enough for you, Best's misses' department is a good friend. Right now there are lots of sheer-wool dresses to see you through the winter and on into spring. There are navy-blue ones with very vernal white eyelet embroidery in the oval neck and edging the short sleeves; there are two-piece dresses that resemble suits, with braid embroidery, say, outlining the short, fitted cardigan of a navy or black affair with a Shocking-pink wool ascot; there are more navy or black jackets having vest points and checked taffeta pussycat bows at the neck and a slightly flared skirt. Best cherishes two-tone dresses for cocktails and dinner. One of these has a chocolate-brown back, skirt, and sleeves and an ecru bodice. The shop's rayon-crêpe prints include a dress in a distinguished key print in black on white or vice versa, with the inset waistband (in this case in black grosgrain ribbon) that appears a great deal in the clothes there. Other prints have blue or white ferns sprawling on a black ground. Another dress (tailored and two-piece this time) has a print of tiny white squares on a black ground. This is one of those all-year all-occasion miracles that happen much too seldom. Clothes in the Best collection run from $29.95 to $45.

FOR the many people who have been completely worn out by the holidays, the massage salon of Manya Kahn, 53 West 57th Street, is an address to be noted. Mrs. Kahn does not believe in steam cabinets or electric blankets, so the first half hour is spent beneath therapeutic lamps to relax your body and stir up circulation. Then you go on to ten minutes of exercise to music, after which come a hot shower and an hour's massage. Fruit or vegetable juices and tea or coffee are at your disposal during all this, and a quick facial tops the thing off. The place is open from nine in the morning to eight at night, if you can believe it, except on Saturdays, when they sheepishly sneak home at six. Single treatments are $5 and ten are $40. . . . Mme. Louise Berthelon, at 440 Park Avenue (56th), is the protecting angel of hundreds of distrait ladies who have coiffure trouble, particularly those who can't even plant a bobby pin accurately. She will come to the house, if necessary, and give you any kind of permanent wave you want, including the cool wave for short hair. Prices for homework start at $12.50 and go up to $25 for the cool wave. She can be helpful about your scalp, too. If you don't want to risk a shampoo in cold weather, her solution is an hour of



WHETHER YOU eat at the Algonquin or the Automat, whether you like Beethoven or Boogy-Woogy, if you lived in Portland you'd subscribe to the Journal.

The Journal is read by 22% more families in the Portland Trading Zone than any other daily newspaper. And, 81% of its daily city circulation is delivered direct to Portland homes.

This preference for The Journal by men and women in all walks of life is due primarily to The Journal's popular balance of news and features. Due also to the fact that when The Journal goes to press it's mid-afternoon in Portland, but it's six p.m. in New York; and midnight or later in much of the rest of the world. This natural time advantage enjoyed on the Pacific Coast, only by afternoon newspapers, enables The Journal to bring its readers local, national, world news the same day it happens.

No wonder The Journal is today, as it has been for years, the preferred newspaper in the Portland area, enjoying the largest circulation in its history.

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...is a market of 715,711 people according to the Oct. 1, 1943 figures for Ration Book 2.

...has a population 33% greater than all the rest of Oregon.

...has an industrial payroll that averages over 48 million dollars monthly.

Here The Daily Journal

... concentrates 130,225 of its 162,923 total circulation ... the leading medium in Oregon's Only Major Market.

REDS TEAR NAZIS APART
Oregon Journal

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Portland's Only Afternoon Newspaper
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Gold earrings and rings
with cultured pearls in
dramatic seashell motifs

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NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

brushing, massage, and vibrator, plus putting the hair back into place. A wonderful woman, in case you feel that you're not looking your best. —L. L.

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RESUME

Wallace, Hamburg, de Marigny,
Aurelio, Rommel. Dry Martini.
Nimitz, Hershey, Errol Flynn,
Kaiser, Carol, penicillin,
Casablanca, Louis Mountbatten,
Sinatra, Beveridge. One Manhattan.
OPA, WPB:
Filled up nineteen forty-three.

Flato, Robeson, de Gaulle, Baruch,
Riobamba, Jones, Tobruk,
"One World," Windsor, Moss Hart,
Crete,
Badoglio, Lippmann, Hull, Count
Fleet,
Wheeler, Pearson, General Patton,
The Gilberts, Berlin. Another Manhattan.
Esquire, Stalin, "As Time Goes By":
Made the twelve months seem to fly.

Halifax, Grafton, Eisenhower,
Burton Rascoe. Whiskey sour.
McNutt, Mary Martin, George
Antrobus,
Shostakovich, Mrs. Luce,
Teheran, Tarawa, War Bond quota,
Pyle, Joe Gordon. Whiskey soda.
Stimson, Bob Hope, Gideon Planish:
Stood by while a year did vanish.

Cairo, Betty Smith, Normandie,
Elmer Davis, Harmon, T.,
J. P. Marquand, Knox, Mosquito,
Roland Young, Hirohito,
Richelieu, Dies. Whiskey rationed.
Adolf, Hermann. Two Old-Fashioned.
Hopkins, "Pistol Packin' Mama":
Period without a comma.

Moscow, Gripsholm, mailing zones,
Portal-to-portal, "Carmen Jones,"
Montgomery, Kentucky, helicopter,
Laval, Marshall, Rickenbacker,
Mussolini, Ilka Chase
(Guess we'll need another case),
"The Robe," Nelson, twenty per cent:
Before we knew, a year was spent.

Chiang Kai-shek, Tojo, Winnie,
"Oklahoma!," Smuts, New Guinea,
Lonergan, brownout, Sumner Welles.
Liquor shortage. Dardanelles!
Dewey! Sicily! Lena Horne!
Lo and behold, a new year is born!

(Well, have you got just a little white
wine, maybe?)

—MENDEZ MARKS, JR.

THE ART GALLERIES

The Innocent Mr. Burliuk

DAVID BURLIUK is sixty-two years old and his doctor has probably advised him to take things easier now than he did when he was young. But he still turns out anywhere from thirty to sixty paintings a season, a considerable majority of them extremely good. This year's output, now on view at the A.C.A., consists of thirty-nine pieces, which represents a fair average, both in number and quality, and it occurs to me that no one can paint that much, year after year, except a man whose art represents a true outpouring, the kind of man to whom painting is almost as direct and natural an expression as talking. That's the case, I'm convinced, with Burliuk. To be sure, a good many of his canvases are small and a number of these are fairly standardized in subject. Every year, for example, he shows at least half a dozen pictures of Russian peasants at work on the steppes, varying only in such minor details as the color of the cows they're tending or the fact that they're not tending cows at all but simply walking along and singing.

However, such pieces as these are, after all, only the hackwork of an artist. They are the things he turns out, more or less by rote, when he isn't quite in the mood for something more ambitious, and even in this category of his work Burliuk is hardly more repetitious than, say, Marc Chagall, who exploits the same vein in similar fashion. It is clear that both men's minds often turn back to memories of their childhood in Russia, and if this provides them with a fund of impressions that are easily translatable into pictures, then it's obviously only natural for them to make use of them.

Since I've dragged Chagall into this discussion, possibly against his will, I should add that he is by all odds the more accomplished artist of the two, though not necessarily the more perceptive. Even in his smaller pieces, Burliuk has a freshness, a healthy innocence, that is always captivating, and I find myself wondering why he hasn't had more critical attention and appreciation. He can be extremely corny on occasion, as in "At the Fountain" and "Unconquerable Russia," in the present collection. (The first, incidentally, is dated 1920-43 in the catalogue and the second 1925-43, indicating that long years of effort went into their composition, and that may be the reason for their failure; perhaps Burliuk has to work faster than that to get things across.) He can, too, descend to mere daubs now and then, as is shown by "Summer" and the still weaker "Slavery," both in the show. But at his best there's a purity, a bright, lyrical quality, in his work that is truly remarkable. As seems to be his settled habit, he still paints in at least four separate styles—Impressionist, Expressionist, Surrealist, and just plain naïve—apparently as the mood of the moment dictates, and since I like him best in his Expressionist phase I was most taken by such pieces as "Big Sienna Cow," "Evening," and the large, bouncy "Girl from Stalingrad," marching home so gaily and triumphantly over the snow, with her horse, her spear, and her feed bucket. That feed bucket, I think, is typical Burliuk, and it proves him to be one of the truly pure in heart. Other men might hesitate to include so incongruous an item in a painting obviously meant to be heroic. Burliuk, I am sure, reasoned differently. There's this girl with her horse in the snow, and the snow means the horse can't just graze, he has got to be fed. If that means a feed bucket, well, then why not put a feed bucket in?

TWO years ago the Metropolitan Museum put on an especially handsome Christmas exhibition, built around a group of Gothic sculptures taken from its own collection. Now the Museum has staged another, almost equally handsome, this one based on a set of thirteen small Italian primitives, recently bequeathed to it by the late Maitland Griggs. The show is in one of the smaller galleries, with blue walls and overhead lighting and Christmas decorations, and the effect is so charming that it almost overshadows the individual excellence of the pictures. They're all worth your attention, from the delicately painted "Journey of the Magi," by Sassetta, perhaps the most important item in the collection, through such pieces as Francesco di Giorgio's "Chess Players" and the two jewel-like paintings of incidents in the life of Saint Catherine, by Bernardo Daddi.

AT the galleries of the Coördinating Council of French Relief Societies, there is a loan exhibition, called simply "Paris," that is almost as diverse as the city for which it was named. There are no less than a hundred pieces in the collection, and the work ranges from the determinedly conservative to, but not through, the modern. The main weight of the show is carried by the Impressionists, and quite rightly too, for they painted Paris more diligently and with a keener eye for her varied aspects than any other body of artists. You'll find a number of truly lively and lovely canvases in this section, particularly Renoir's blue "Pont Neuf," Monet's "Gare Saint-Lazare," full of smoke and steam and movement, and Pissarro's green and sunny "Le Jardin des Tuileries." Somehow—maybe it's just my own nostalgia—many of the pieces even by less talented painters, Jean Béraud, Raffaelli, and so on, have a good deal of grace and charm about them. Paris always was a wonderful city to paint, and the exhibition shows how many artists made the most of the opportunity. —ROBERT M. COATES

•

WIND ON CAPITOL HILL DEPT.

[*From the Congressional Record*]

MR. WHEELER. Mr. President, I do not wish to be understood as criticizing the War Department for turning back the money, but when the Senator talks about $13,000,000,000 being what can be put in a bat's eye—

MR. BARKLEY. The Senator knows that I was not talking about putting $13,000,000,000 in a bat's eye. I was talking about Army officers sitting down at a table and working out, to the fineness of a bat's eye, everything they needed in the way of supplies and equipment.

MR. WHEELER. The Senator was talking about a bat's eye, and I say he was talking about putting $13,000,000,000 in a bat's eye.

MR. BARKLEY. I think the Senator is playing on words.

MR. WHEELER. The Senator from Kentucky was playing on words.

MR. BARKLEY. I do not understand that even the Senator from Montana thinks that $13,000,000,000 can be put in a bat's eye.

MR. WHEELER. The Senator was playing on words when he was talking about the $13,000,000,000 which I mentioned. He said that Army officers could not sit down and work it out to the fineness of a bat's eye. I said that $13,000,000,000 could not be put in a bat's eye.

MR. BARKLEY. Mr. President, for once the Senator and I agree. Thirteen billion dollars cannot be put in a bat's eye. That is settled.

THE ESCALATOR PLAN

THE French refugee, known to the patrons of the Greenwich Village tavern only as Jean, came in and sat at the fringe of the discussion group. The barroom statesmen nodded at him and went on with their talk, shifting nimbly from the grand strategy for winning the war to the problems of maintaining the peace. They were agreed upon postwar collaboration between the United States, Great Britain, Russia, and China, and they were in favor of plebiscites in Greece, Italy, and the other subjugated countries. Dissension, of course, arose over the question of what should be done with and in Germany. The argument went on and on, to no conclusion, for no one retreated and no one was convinced. In all of the discussion, the debaters touched upon the interests and attitudes only of Great Britain, the United States, and Russia.

"What of France?" asked Jean. He seldom participated in our vigorous but always fruitless debates, preferring to listen gravely, turning his sensitive Gallic face from one speaker to the next.

"France must be helped to recover," someone said. "She must get rid of her Fascists, become a true democracy, and take her place again as a great power."

"Perhaps, but it is not of those things I am thinking," Jean said in his precise English. "France will have thoughts of what to do with Germany, and she will put them into effect either at the peace conference or later, with a big stick which she will fashion quickly as soon as Germany is disarmed."

Jean smiled, more, it seemed, with derision than amusement.

"I once had a private postwar plan," he said. "It seems childish now, but it sustained me through thirteen months of imprisonment in a German *Stalag*.

"My plan"—he paused, and then went on dreamily—"had to do with one of your marvellous escalators, such as those in the subways and department stores. The escalator I envisioned was one that went downward only. On this downgoing escalator I pictured, with such satisfaction that I cannot describe the feeling to you, a solitary figure. This gross, unpleasant character, though alone on the descending stairway, was, nevertheless, more than one man. He was the German officer who told us, '*La guerre est finie, vous serez chez vous dans trois jours,*' and caused me and a million comrades to lay down our arms instead of fighting or fleeing. He was the *Wachmann* at the *Stalag*, the overseer at the farm in Germany where I slaved—he was these and many more.

"My escalator did not descend at great speed. It moved down much more slowly than a man walks on a stationary stair. My solitary figure on this escalator walked always upward, as the steps moved slowly and inexorably downward."

Jean took a sip of wine and looked around to make sure that he had our attention.

"He was constrained to do so," he said, "because, you see, my escalator ended in nothingness. The moving steps did not slide out flatly and disappear magically into a floor. No, they made the turn at the end and went back on the under side to emerge again, presently, through a slit in a solid wall at the top for another downward trip under the feet of my plodding figure.

"A man can move his legs only so long, as even the Germans must have learned by this time, and inevitably there came a time when my climber sighed like a collapsing toy balloon and dropped upon the escalator, an obscene lump of weariness. Presently the escalator spewed him forth into space.

"The space was not great. Directly below the end of the escalator, about twenty feet below, there was a pit. It was not a large pit but it was solidly walled. The most satisfying aspect of my picture was the gloopy chug with which he ended his fall. My pit, you see, was filled with potato soup."

Jean searchingly examined the face of each listener.

"You do not smile," he observed, and his own smile was thin. "And you are right not to do so. There is nothing amusing about potato soup, particularly when you have eaten it and little else for breakfast, lunch, and dinner for thirteen months, until all of your insides feel as though they are of the same consistency as the soup.

"The soup in my pit is not deep," he continued, unconsciously slipping into the present tense. "It comes only to the chin, the second chin, of my fallen climber. He has thought he was too tired to stand, but when the soup begins to fill his orifices, he makes the superhuman effort with which I became so familiar, and stands. The *potage* is even thick enough to support him a little. It is neither hot nor cold, and if he licks his lips he will find that it is without seasoning or savor."

Jean was weary of his speech now, but he would not let us down.

"If you are wondering what happens next to the object of my conjuring, I will tell you. After a time, I lower the escalator by pressing a button, so that he may clamber back upon it at his pleasure. If my day has not been too bad, I will stop momentarily the movement of the stairs for him. If I have suffered overmuch, I let them run and let him discover how much harder is his escape from the soup pit.

"Since *my* escape," Jean said, "I do not think so often of my postwar plan. But a million of my comrades have had two years longer than I to perfect their escalators, or other retributory devices, and they will not willingly give them up.

"To be truthful, I sometimes yet say to myself, 'I wonder how one goes about buying an escalator.' "

—M. C. BLACKMAN

●

Harper and Brothers will open its 1944 Spring publishing season with a new novel by Fannie Hurst, "Hallelujah," to be published on January 5th.

"Hallelujah" is a story of a group of people in the Middle West during the five years preceding Pearl Harbor. Lily Brown, the heroine, was just an average Middle West girl, except for the fact that her mother had committed a murder. This set her apart in the life of the small town where she lived.—*Harper publicity release.*

Prudes!

●

FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.

[*From Partridge's "Usage and Abusage: A Guide to Good English"*]

LADY, which has a social—almost a Society—connotation, should not be used as a synonym for *woman*, any more than *gentleman* should be used as a synonym for *man*. Only those men who are not gentlemen speak of their women friends as *lady friends*, and only those women who are not ladies speak of themselves as *charladies* and their men friends as *gentlemen friends*.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HESSE-PATSTON

Here she is... Miss Rheingold 1944!

A KNOCKOUT? You bet! She's Miss Jane House, the girl Rheingold fans have named Miss Rheingold 1944!

In grocery stores and taverns and delicatessens all over this area, throngs of folks stepped up to the ballot boxes, studied the pictures of the six gorgeous girls who were finalists, and then cast their votes.

To all of you who voted for one of these girls, they send their sincere thanks and appreciation!

And the winner—Miss Rheingold 1944—wants us to express her appreciation too. She's just about the happiest girl in town!

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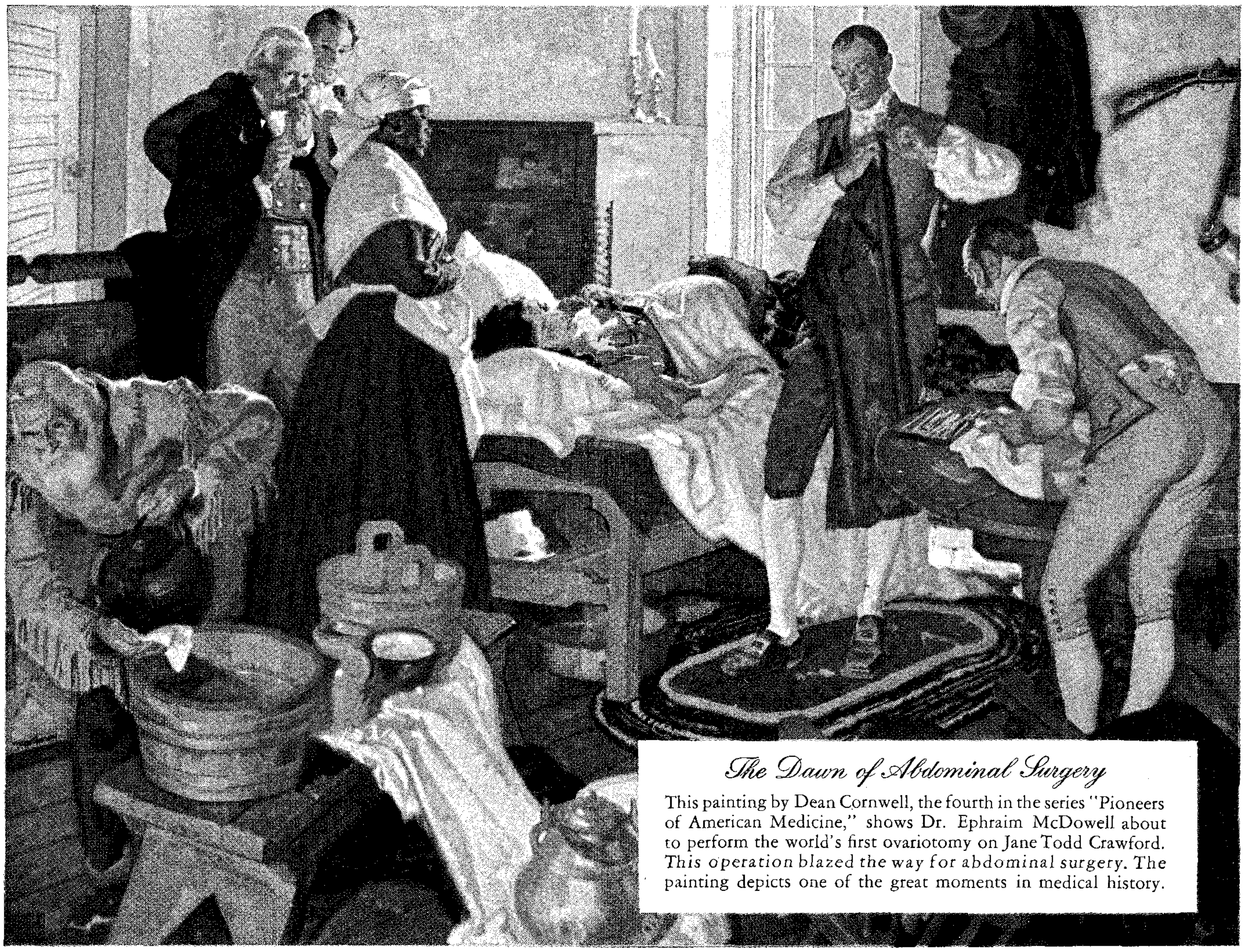

The Dawn of Abdominal Surgery

This painting by Dean Cornwell, the fourth in the series "Pioneers of American Medicine," shows Dr. Ephraim McDowell about to perform the world's first ovariotomy on Jane Todd Crawford. *This operation blazed the way for abdominal surgery.* The painting depicts one of the great moments in medical history.

A woman's life.... a man's future.... hung in the balance

IN GREENSBURG, KENTUCKY, in the year 1809, there existed a difference of opinion.

In the judgment of her local physicians, Jane Todd Crawford was pregnant.

In the judgment of Dr. Ephraim McDowell, from the neighboring town of Danville, she was under sentence of death. He believed she was suffering from a large ovarian tumor which would kill her unless it could be removed.

Jane Crawford staked her life that McDowell was right. And so, one sunny morning, while a woman's life and a doctor's future trembled in the balance, McDowell successfully performed the first ovariotomy in history—and abdominal surgery was born.

It is impossible to estimate the number of people who, since that day, have owed their lives to McDowell's brilliant pioneering. And McDowell's is only one name in a nobly-long list of American medical men to whom the world is mightily in debt.

Today, on the fighting fronts and the home front, the doctor—with the aid of his good right arm, the pharmacist—is working harder than ever, contributing more than ever to the easing of human pain.

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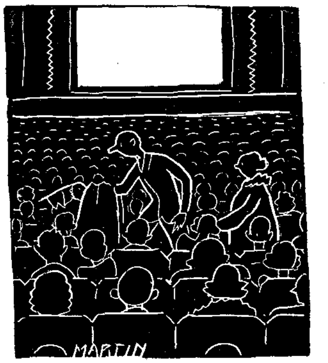
THE CURRENT CINEMA

But They Won't Lie Down

"A GUY NAMED JOE," with Spencer Tracy and Irene Dunne, is a real weird number. On the whole, it makes for a pretty good evening, because the dialogue is fine and well handled, particularly by the principals. Also, there is a little more solid thought tucked away in the thing than many movies have. Some of it doesn't get across very successfully, owing to peculiarities of the plot, but if you listen hard, you will hear a sane effort to interpret the purpose of the men, or at least the fliers, who are fighting the war on our side. There is one minor point concerning the ethics of combat flying that seems to be rather thoroughly contradicted before the story is over, and even one of the characters complains about it somewhat. It's too bad that this character, who is played by Mr. Tracy, is invalidated as a spokesman on account of being dead. There you have a clue to the strange goings on in the picture. People who are killed don't necessarily drop out. The hero, a bomber pilot, is shot down early in the game and comes back as a spook to watch the progress of the boys, as well as the girl, he left behind. The girl is a Ferry Command pilot, played by Miss Dunne. After Mr. Tracy dies, she falls in love with another man and, partly to save his life, goes out on a solo bombing mission against the Japs. This kind of spectacular stunt has been preached against up to that point in the film, and Mr. Tracy, riding along in the plane in an ectoplasmic state, is highly indignant about it. However, nobody but the audience can hear him, and Miss Dunne not only goes ahead with it but is generally congratulated.

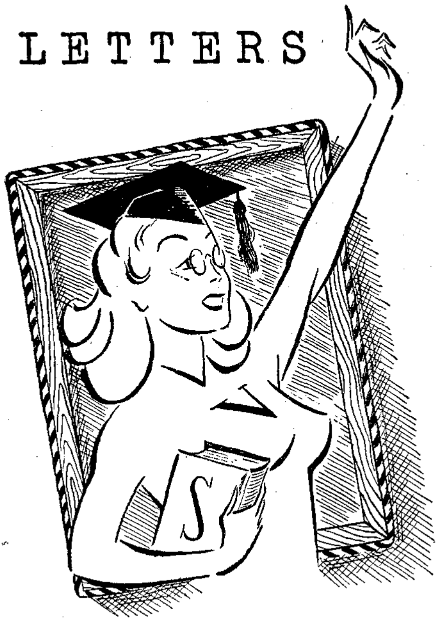
The device of keeping dead people alive and active has been used to show that life isn't a process that stops and begins all over again with every generation. A flier who has died in this war, it is pointed out, died for an enlightened future and has left his mark. At least, that's a part of what the device has been used for. To that extent, it is pure symbolism and easy enough to go along with. I don't know, though, how easy it is to fall in with some of the ramifications that follow. For example, you are asked to subscribe to the notion that this bomber pilot, a fairly shallow thinker and not a particularly forceful influence over his buddies while alive, could be reformed after death by a wise old flier, also dead (and played by Lionel Barrymore), and become a much better influence in the spirit than in the flesh. It seems to me that symbolism is being supplanted at that point by fantasy and I, for one, am not a bear for fantasy. In any case, the comic possibilities of the old invisible-man setup have been exercised comically and at the same time with restraint, and this helps reconcile you to any lapses in logic.



ALTOGETHER too much happens in "Destination Tokio," a long, long submarine epic. In the course of one submarine's voyage in the Pacific, a plane is shot down, a battleship is torpedoed, a landing party goes ashore on Japanese soil, Doolittle's bombing of Tokio takes place, and, by God, an emergency appendectomy is performed. Once more, a picture has been made out of fireworks, and they have been set off with abandon. There's no denying, as usual, that some of the action is fairly lively stuff, admirable technically and productive of a certain amount of excitement. On the other hand, it's no more lively than a couple of dozen other war pictures, and the fact that there may be one or two more breathless thrills than you have ever before witnessed, ladies and gentlemen, is just as apt to weary you as cause you to bust out cheering. The commander of the sub is Cary Grant, John Garfield is in the crew, and there are various other familiar figures aboard. They go through all the motions of running their ship and firing torpedoes and are called upon to register nothing more than elementary thoughts and emotions, mainly because there just isn't time. Incidentally, the picture contains, for your collection, one more kid who's just starting to shave.

"HIS BUTLER'S SISTER" is a comedy with Deanna Durbin, Franchot Tone, and Pat O'Brien and the same sort of Cinderella plot that generally comes with Miss Durbin. This time she

women of LETTERS



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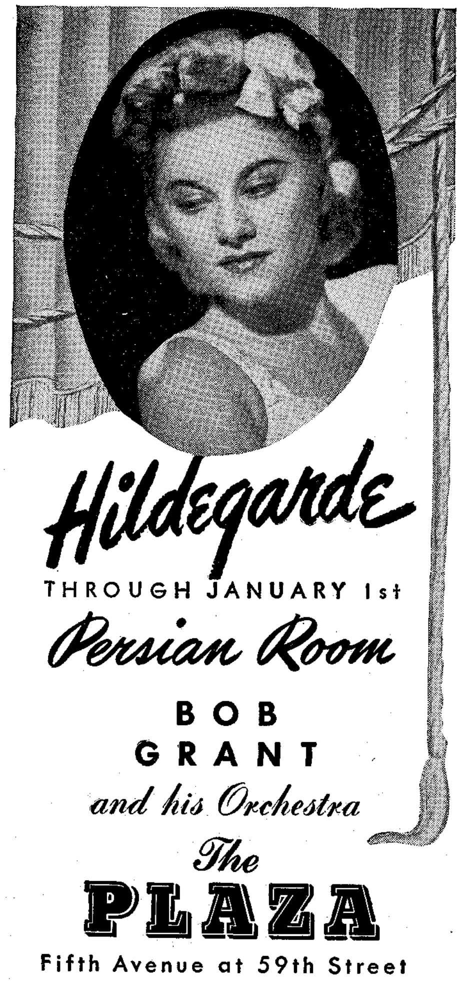
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is the sister, as indicated in the title, of a male domestic, whom she visits at his place of work, thereby coming to the attention of the master of the house, a young man with a large amount of money. Since the young man is played by Mr. Tone, he also has popping eyes and a rather elastic neck. The most engaging character is the butler, played by Mr. O'Brien. He is a horseplayer and a man who hasn't much time for visiting sisters, however winsome. Unfortunately, he softens at the end and helps to further the girl's romance with his employer, and matters wind up on the sticky note that is another feature of Durbin vehicles. There are some bits in the picture that are funny and others that aren't, the latter being a shade in the majority. Miss Durbin, of course, sings when the opportunity presents itself, and her voice is still an attraction to bear in mind.

It can be said in favor of "Riding High," a rather wild musical, that in it Victor Moore is cast, for the first time in quite a while, as something besides an innocent, lovable old codger. He is still an old codger, but his intentions are larcenous, and he gets his pleasure manufacturing currency without a license. This is a part he takes to with a will, and it does you good to see him more sinning, for once, than sinned against. Then there's Dick Powell, who has lately come to be a far more agreeable juvenile than formerly. But then again there's Dorothy Lamour, who is no more dynamic than she ever was, and a story that is too riddled with elaborate production numbers to keep its head above water. The film is really better than a great many movie musicals, but not enough so to indicate a reformation.

—David Lardner

•

Q. My husband could not go to the liquor store on account of his shift and I have been there every day, but couldn't get any liquor because it was all gone before I was reached in line. Finally I pushed in ahead of the line and got a fifth of a bottle, but a man made me give it back and I hit him and he pulled my hair out, and I got a policeman and finally got a bottle. It's hell to get any liquor in Shenandoah. What do you advise?—*Philadelphia Record.*

You're doing all right—stick with it.

•

THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

Representative Andrew Jackson May, chairman of the House Military Affairs Committee, July 9, 1942:

The war will end probably in 1942 and unquestionably in 1943.

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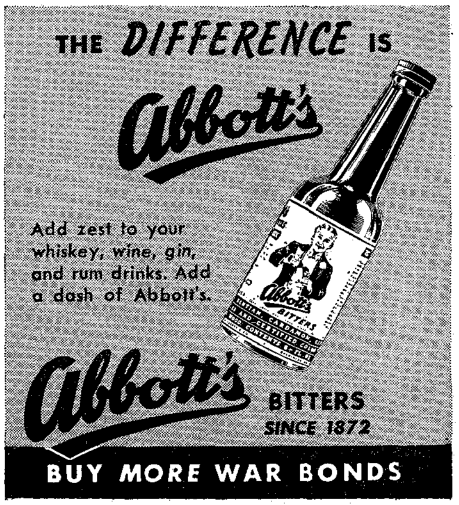
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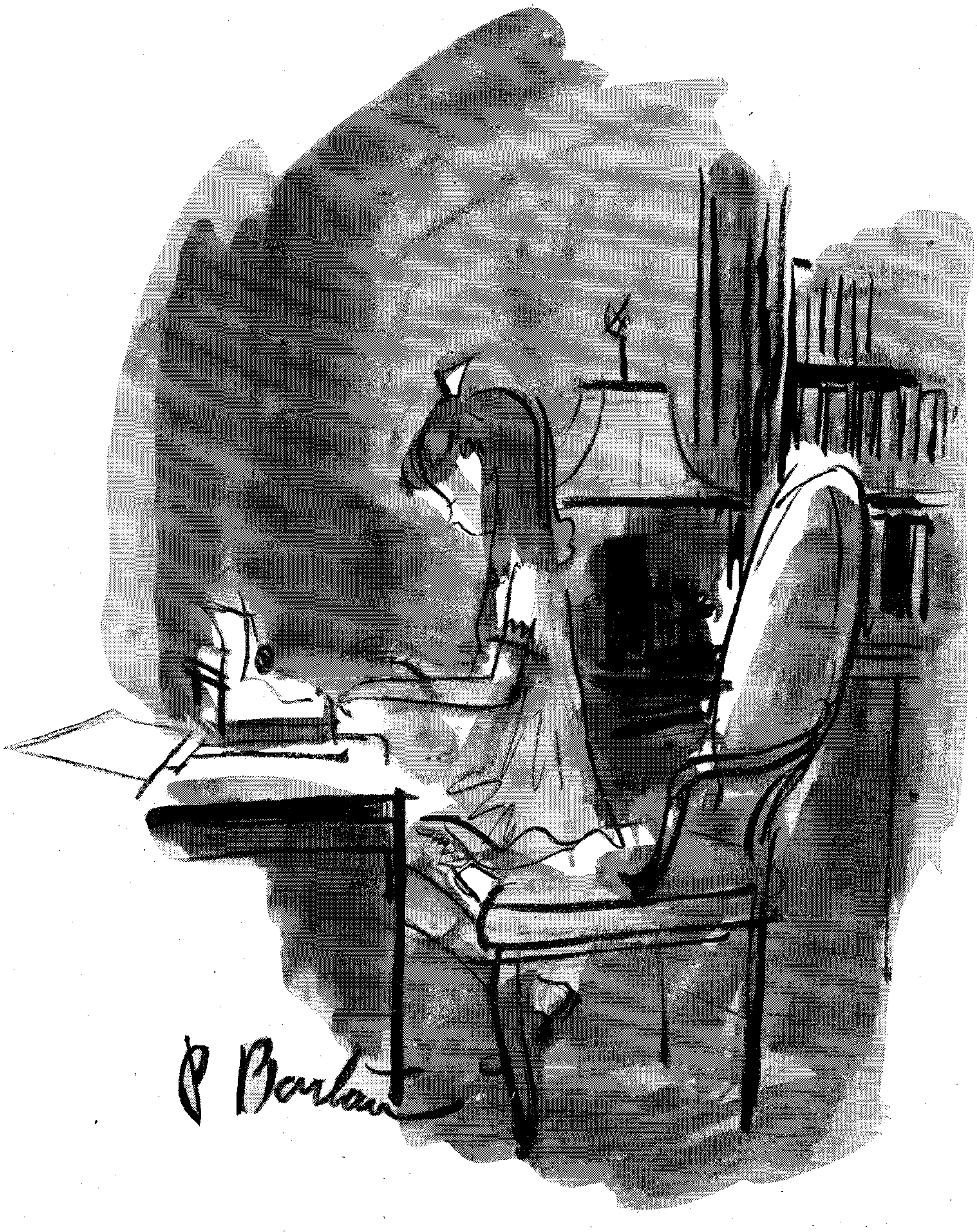
BOOKS

Through the Embassy Window: Harold Nicolson

“The Desire to Please” (Harcourt, Brace) is the second installment of Harold Nicolson’s memoirs of his family and his childhood, of which the first installment was the volume called “Helen’s Tower.” The general title echoes Proust: “In Search of the Past;” but the purpose of Mr. Nicolson’s own chronicle seems a little vague.

Mr. Nicolson’s ancestry is varied and distinguished: it has included a viceroy of India, a celebrated Irish patriot, and a veteran diplomat, his father. His childhood, as he tells us in this book, was spent mostly out of England in the embassies. From Persia, where he was born, he says, his father “went to Constantinople; from Constantinople to Budapest; from Hungary to Sofia; from Bulgaria to Morocco; from Morocco to Madrid and from Madrid to Russia;” and the son in his earlier years continued the diplomatic tradition: he was present at the Peace Conference in the British delegation, and he accompanied Lord Curzon to Locarno. His experience has thus been unusual, and one would expect of him a story more interesting than these volumes, and his studies in diplomacy, have yet turned out to be. He is often engaging and sometimes brilliant—he has a genuine literary gift; and it is only after we have been reading him a little that we begin to feel his limitations.

There is a passage in the present volume which is significant in this connection. Harold Nicolson tells us how wistfully he longed in his childhood for a permanent home; how much he “wanted to be localized and concentrated.” But he had never any home except the Embassy, always in a new country, but always the same official world. And this is a part of the explanation both of the unsatisfactoriness of his writing and of the fact that we should find this unsatisfactoriness surprising. We were expecting from so cosmopolitan a figure, who has read such a variety of books and met so many famous people, something a little more exciting. We did not realize that throughout his travels he has only resided in one country: the British Foreign Office; and that he has approached the prime ministers and kings as members of the special caste to which he himself belongs: the caste of professional officials. If he is not able to make their activity ever seem quite real, it is partly because he has never been in contact with any other kind of life, and so has no real means of judging them. When you set out to read, say, his account of the Peace Conference or his recent article on Boris of Bulgaria, you may be prepared to be taken behind the scenes; but what you find are merely pictures of persons and places which, neat and bright though they are, leave you with the conviction that, whatever was happening, Harold Nicolson did not know much about it. The great social groups and movements of which the pressures are felt and reflected in the embassies, the parliaments, the palaces, seem to exist for him only remotely: they are merely the armies and mobs—“mob” is a favorite word of his for any kind of popular demonstration—that make the background of dim figures in his picture book. And this picture book, for all the cleverness which the author has brought to his drawings, tells in general a schoolboy story in which England is always St. George. Mr. Nicolson has been quite uncontaminated by the more cynical aspects of foreign policy. He is still the good little governing-class boy who accepts the version of things supplied by his English governess. This governess is a figure in all the books in which he writes of his childhood experience, and though she is treated with affectionate humor, her influ-



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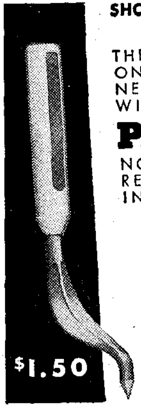

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ence seems to pervade them. Harold Nicolson still seems to be standing, well brushed and well bred, a credit to her care, looking out through the Embassy window at the streets of strange non-English cities which he knows that he mustn't explore.

Not that the life beyond the window doesn't interest him. He has a lively enthusiasm for poetry, and he used in his younger days to like to write on literary subjects. Some of his books about poets were excellent—but here, too, the glass intervened. He could never really drop the idea that literary people were freaks and essentially disreputable characters. There was some merit in his opinion that the failure of Verlaine—Nicolson is a real connoisseur of verse—to achieve the highest intensity of poetry was due to the moral instability of the poet; but it was childish to be shocked by Verlaine as Nicolson obviously was, and to dismiss him with a sharp tone of reprimand; and it was even more childish to be horrified by the harmless enough vices of Swinburne. As for his book on the last phase of Byron, readable and vivid though it is, admirable though it is in its circumstantial tracing of the events of the expedition to Greece, it is made irritating by a tone of irony, evidently caught over from Strachey—a tone which implies with Strachey a definite line of criticism but in the prim and invidious form in which it is applied by Nicolson has no relevant value at all. The biographer must have had some real sympathy with Byron to write this book on his last desperate days; he seems in fact to feel a kind of fascination with the more scandalous type of poets; but when he comes to look into their histories, he is forced by a reflex action to detach himself socially from their company by a quiet but well-placed accent of amusement, disapproval, disdain.

This new book, which deals with the adventures of Nicolson's ancestor Hamilton Rowan, has the same kind of faults as the Byron, but is a great deal worse in this way. It is as if the anxieties of the war and perhaps his recent term in Parliament had stimulated Nicolson's sense of his official responsibility at the expense of his literary intelligence. It may be noted in passing as a characteristic touch that, in explaining his interest in Rowan and asserting that he himself, if he had happened to grow up in Ireland, might have found himself "at variance with kith and class and creed," he should remark that he might "have been lost in the mists of the Abbey Theatre"—an easy and inaccurate banality

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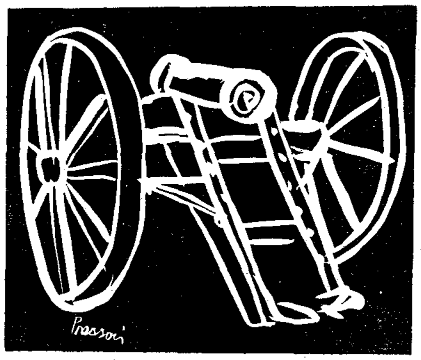
of which I believe he would have been ashamed in the days when he was writing about Verlaine. But the whole book shows a worried solicitude to maintain a correct official attitude which, given the character of the hero and the fact that he was the biographer's great-great-grandfather, becomes comic and seems almost perverse.

Hamilton Rowan was an eighteenth-century gentleman of property of the "Protestant Ascendancy" in Ireland, who, stimulated by the French and the American Revolutions, took the side of the Irish against the English, got sent to jail for circulating a pamphlet that advocated suffrage for Catholics, incurred a more serious penalty by associating himself with a project of Wolfe Tone's for a French invasion of Ireland, succeeded in escaping to France, was in Paris at the fall of Robespierre and became disgusted with the Terror, came to America and earned a poor living as hired man, print-maker, and brewer, and ultimately asked for a pardon, obtained it, and returned to his property amidst a tumultuous welcome by the Irish. Hamilton Rowan, on his descendant's own showing, seems rather a noble fellow. Certainly he behaved with imprudence in allowing Wolfe Tone's proposal to be circulated in his own handwriting; but such mistakes seem easily attributable to a certain natural recklessness and arrogance often displayed by eighteenth-century gentlemen. It would not seem to deserve the wringing of hands, the anguished cry of "Why? Why? Why?" with which the great-great-grandson of Rowan is continually interrupting his story in perplexity over his ancestor's wrongheadedness. Mr. Nicolson is even unable to tell of one of those eighteenth-century carouses at which Liberty and Equality were toasted, without shrugging his shoulders to indicate that that is not the sort of thing that is countenanced by the Foreign Office; and he dwells with what sounds like an unpleasant satisfaction on the poverty and humiliation into which his ancestor's mad courses brought him. He apologizes for his story



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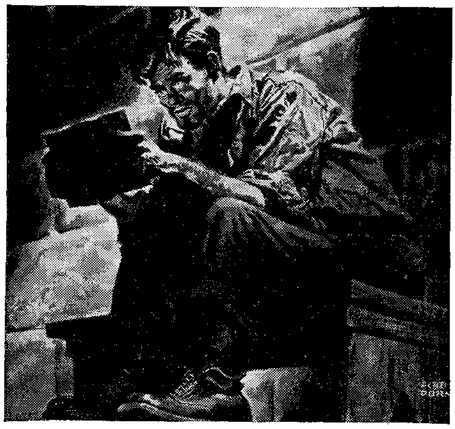

Letter to a P.O.W.

WILL YOU WRITE a letter to a Prisoner of War . . . tonight?

Perhaps he was left behind when Bataan fell. Perhaps he had to bail out over Germany. Anyway, he's an American, and he hasn't had a letter in a long, long time.

And when you sit down to write, tell *him* why you didn't buy your share of War Bonds last pay day—if you didn't.

"Dear Joe," you might say, "the old topcoat was getting kind of threadbare, so I . . ."

No, cross it out. Joe might not understand about the topcoat, especially if he's shivering in a damp Japanese cell.

Let's try again. "Dear Joe, I've been working pretty hard and haven't had a vacation in over a year, so . . ."

Better cross that out, too. They don't ever get vacations where Joe's staying.

Well, what are you waiting for? Go ahead, write the letter to Joe. Try to write it, anyhow.

But mister, or madam, or miss, if somehow you find you can't finish that letter, will you, at least, do this for Joe? Will you up the amount of money you're putting into your Payroll Savings Plan—so that you'll be buying your share of War Bonds from here on in? And will you—for Joe's sake—start doing it right away?

Keep Backing the Attack!

in advance by speaking of Hamilton Rowan's "really deplorable career;" but when we have read this story, we see that it can be described as deplorable only on the assumption—which Hamilton Rowan certainly did not share—that the most praiseworthy object in life is always to remain clean and correct, and never to get into trouble. There is an element of coy and sly humor in this attitude of Mr. Nicolson's; but it is a humor that almost always works in the conventional direction, and it is plain that the heroic romanticism and the humanitarian enthusiasm of that age simply make Mr. Nicolson nervous.

On the subject of the Irish he surpasses himself: "It seems strange to me that more than a century after his death Hamilton Rowan should still be classed among the heroes. I quite see that the Irish memory is different in quality from the English memory. . . . Much as I like the Irish, deeply though I wish them well, I regret that the proportions between their memory and their forgetfulness, between their forgiveness and their rancour, should be so disarranged." These are phrases appropriate for a public speech; in their context here they only suggest that Mr. Nicolson is rather scared of his whole Irish family connection.

I DON'T, however, want to leave the subject without offsetting my account of this biography by mentioning what seems to me the one very good book that Harold Nicolson has written. "Some People" is a series of stories about types that Mr. Nicolson has known: a French snob, a Ronald Firbank aesthete, a phony expert on foreign affairs, an English lord and his valet. It is at once his most candidly personal and his most irresponsible production, and it succeeds in touching off as none of his other books does the memories of his diplomatic experience into something like artistic ignition—because he has here turned *in* on this experience instead of trying to see the rest of the world *through* it. The fantastic characters of "Some People" are as funny and as well observed as anything in Max Beerbohm or Evelyn Waugh, and Mr. Nicolson has managed to present himself as a kind of comic character, too, in a way that illustrates much more delicately than I have been able to do his relationship both to politics and to literature. I am not much of a rereader of fiction, but I can never look into "Some People" without reading several of the stories through, and I

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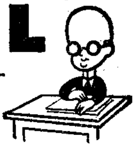

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have been opening every new book of Nicolson's with an eagerness which, though gradually diminished, is still always stirred by the hope of finding something else as good.

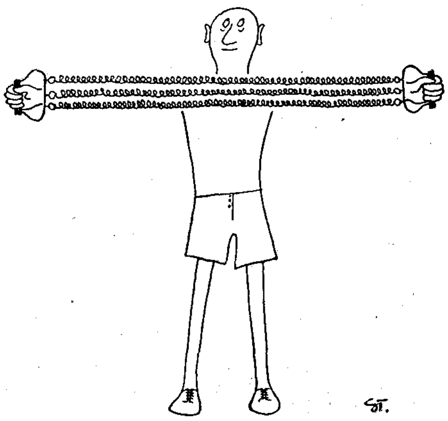
—EDMUND WILSON

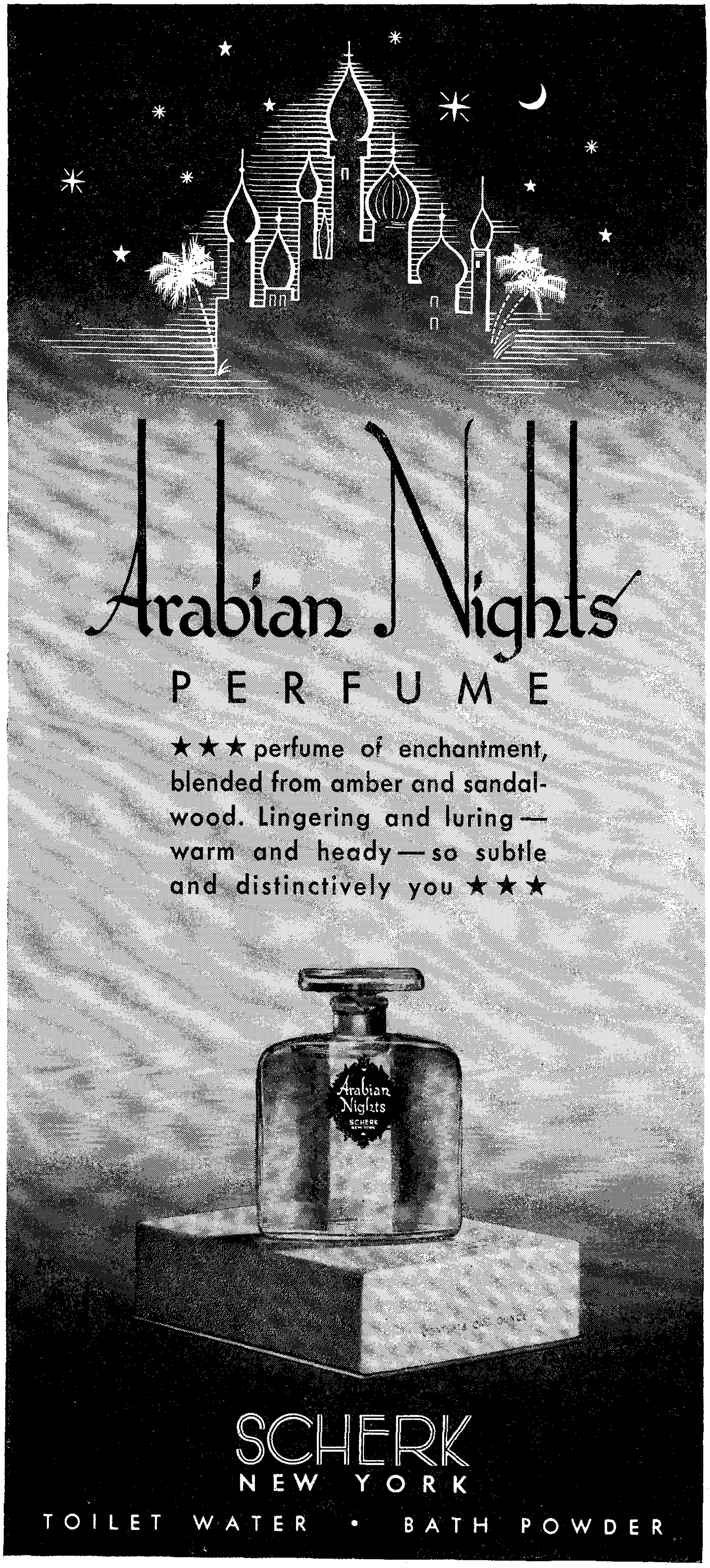
BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

TALES OF THE TATRAS, by K. P. Tetmajer (Roy). It should not do you a bit of harm to turn off the news broadcasts long enough to follow the fortunes of some simple, long-ago Carpathian shepherds in this collection of Polish folk tales. Here are stories of unhappy love, adventures of men and beasts in deep forests, written with a rich feeling for the seasons' changes, and fantasies about how rambunctious peasants behave when they get to heaven. In an introduction to the book, Carl Carmer points out a similarity to our own folk literature, but you may find that these Polish tales lack the saltiness which flavors the legends of America. Drawings.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS, edited by Armin L. Robinson (Simon & Schuster). A collection of ten long, very long, short stories by well-known contemporary writers (some of them first-rate), proving that the Nazis have broken every command of the Decalogue. Unfortunately, they prove just as conclusively that moral indignation doesn't necessarily make good fiction. Thomas Mann retells, with none too subtle present-day implications, the story of Moses handing down the laws to the Israelites; Rebecca West, all her easy wit and brilliant insight obscured by the banality of the enterprise in which she finds herself involved, illustrates "Thou shalt not make any graven image" by a tale of German-occupied Denmark; and Sigrid Undset, Franz Werfel, Bruno Frank, Jules Romains, André Maurois, John Erskine, Hendrik van

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Loon, and Louis Bromfield deal with the remaining commandments.

VICTORIA GRANDOLET, by Henry Bellamann (Simon & Schuster). An egocentric, middle-class New England girl marries into an old Louisiana family, bound inescapably by tradition. The story, what there is of it, concerns not so much Victoria's relation to her husband and his people as the intensity of her feeling toward their fabulous ancestral home and the dead-and-gone Grandolets who have lived there. The author tries hard to create a background that is strange and fascinating and a heroine of sinister complexity, but his skill simply isn't up to the task he has set himself of resolving atmosphere and characterization.

GENERAL

TARGET: GERMANY, by writers of the Army Air Forces (Simon & Schuster). The official story of the creation of the VIII Bomber Command and its first year of combat operations over Europe. Setting out to prove the practicability of the American theory of high-altitude precision bombing, which many people had their doubts about, the VIII Bomber Command had to fight almost as hard against the skeptics as against the Nazi fliers who wanted to prove the skeptics were right. Everybody now knows they weren't, but to clinch the point the VIII Bomber Command has drawn up a grim list of its achievements—16,977 tons of bombs dropped, 2,050 enemy fighters destroyed, 124 attacks on such strategic industrial objectives as the Renault truck plant in Paris, the steel and locomotive factories at Lille, and the Messerschmitt plant at Regensburg. "Target: Germany," written in a dry, factual prose that goes in more for accuracy than for dramatic effect, reads less like the story of a new chapter in aerial warfare than a well-documented report of a large and highly complex industrial operation, which, since it takes some 75,000 men to put 500 heavy bombers over an enemy target, is just what mass bombing is. Photographs.

HEART OF EUROPE, edited by Klaus Mann and Hermann Kesten (Fischer). Approximately five pounds of anthology, containing verse, essays, stories, and fragments by a hundred and sixty authors representing all the countries of Europe, with a rather emotional introduction by Dorothy Canfield Fisher and a somewhat hysterical preface by Klaus Mann. Nearly all the well-known names are included, from Aragon to Stefan Zweig, along with a much larger number who are here introduced to America for the first time. Quite worth your while.

THE GREAT SMOKIES AND THE BLUE RIDGE, edited by Roderick Peattie (Vanguard). The second volume of the American Mountain Series, consisting of ten essays about the Southern highlands and the people who live in them. The contributors, among them Donald Culross Peattie, all of whom know what they're talking about and talk well, discuss such matters as the social and geologic history of the region, its folkways, its wildflowers, its music, and its handicrafts. A very superior book, all in all, about a very superior part of the country. Photographs.

HISTORY AND TECHNIQUE OF OLD MASTER DRAWINGS, by Charles de Tolnay. The text of this book, the first really intensive study in English of the development of drawing techniques, is perhaps of rather specialized interest, but the more than two hundred and sixty reproductions, ranging from the early Greek and Egyptian to Cézanne and his contemporaries, give it a stronger and more general appeal.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE APPLEGREEN CAT, by Frances Crane (Lippincott). Pat Abbott, an American detective now in the Intelligence Service of the Marines, and his young wife spend a wartime weekend at an English country house where someone is dastardly enough to stab one of the two remaining maids between the shoulder blades with a dart. Abbott solves this and ensuing problems rather neatly. You'll be able to, too, if you keep your eyes open.

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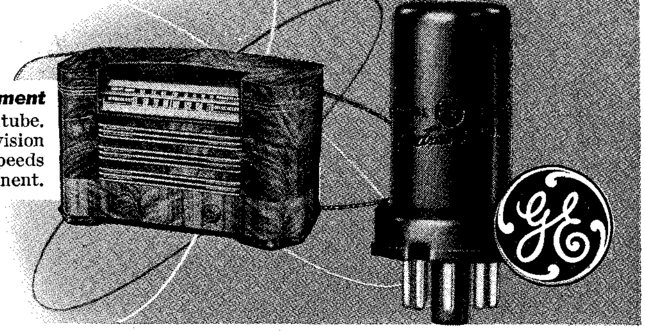

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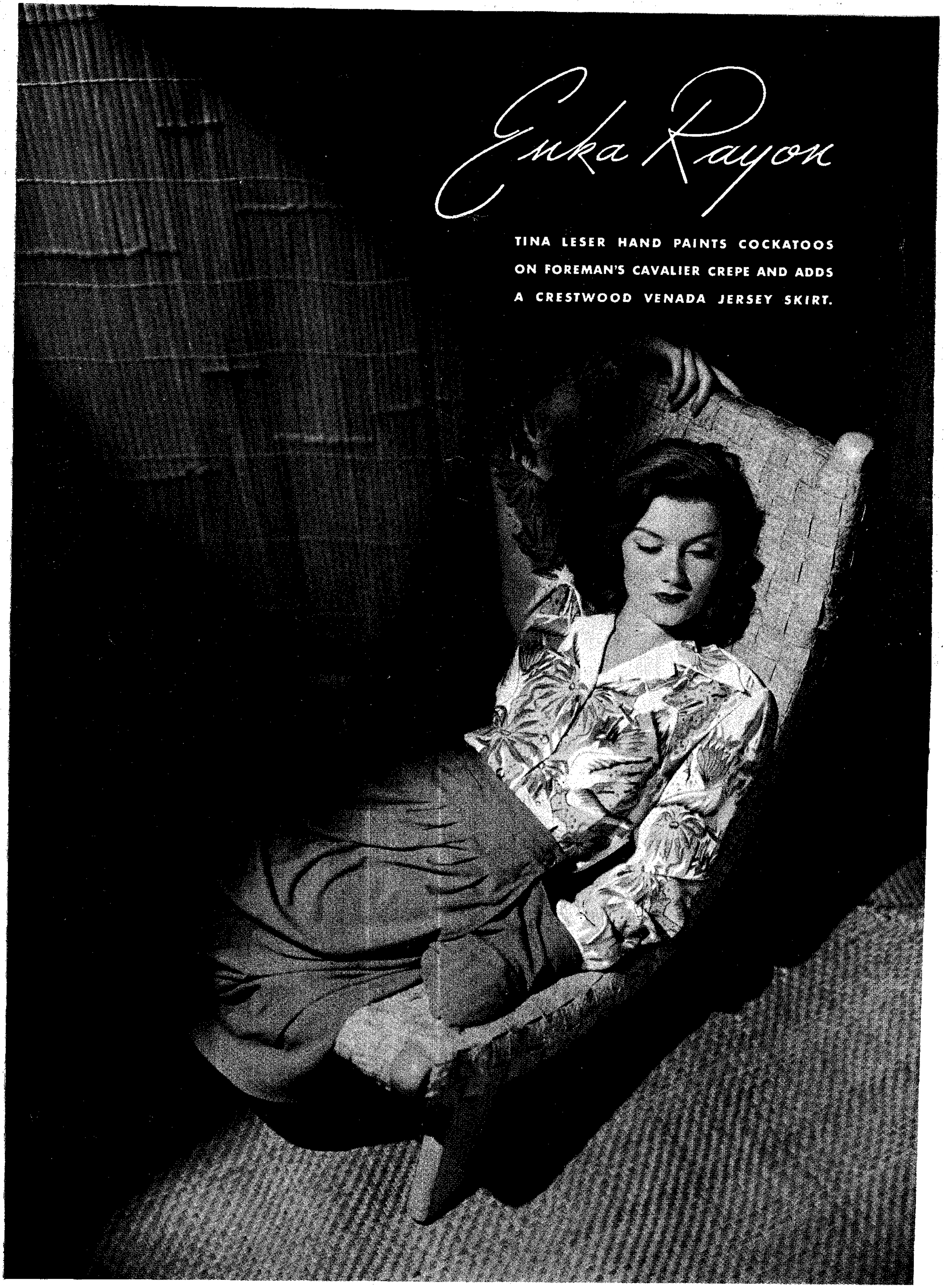
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